Bishop Ullathorne Number.

Religioni &c.

Bonis Artibus

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The Oscotian.

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BISHOP ULLATHORNE.

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TO THE RIGHT REV.

WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE, D.D., O.S.B.,

BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM,

ASSISTANT AT THE PONTIFICAL THRONE,

IN TOKEN OF DEEP AND AFFECTIONATE REVERENCE

ON THE

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS

EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION,

JUNE 21ST, 1886.

The Oscotian:

A

Literary Gazette of St. Mary's College,

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No. 17. NEW SERIES. JULY, 1886.

Memoir

OF

The Right Rev. W. B. Ullathorne, D.D., O.S.B., Bishop of Birmingham.

IT is a remark which we have lately heard more than once in Catholic circles—and indeed the thought must have occurred to very many of us—that there are in the Catholic Church in England at the present moment three men of quite exceptional mark, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Newman, and Bishop Ullathorne; that we cannot reasonably hope that any one of these will be spared to us for many years longer, and that it will be extremely difficult, not to say impossible, to supply their places, when they are gone. Against this last part of the remark, we know that Bishop

Ullathorne would enter a decided protest, as we have heard him say that no man is necessary, for that when one is taken, either another will be found exactly to fill his place, or the place will be found to have been so modified as to suit the size and shape of the new occupant.

A Catholic contemporary has lately given to the world a number of interesting particulars about two members of this trio; and we have asked ourselves why we should not do the same work for the third. It is true that he does not hold so eminent a position in the Catholic Hierarchy as the other two, but his life has been more varied and full of incident than that of either of them, and the term of his service in the Church of God far more protracted. Moreover, he consecrated one of the Cardinals on his first appointment to Westminster, and the other was for many years subject to his jurisdiction, as a priest in the diocese of Birmingham. At any rate, we Oscotians want to do something in honour of our Venerable Bishop now that he has just completed the fortieth year of his Episcopate, and we cannot think of anything better suited to our purpose than to set before our readers a sketch of his life and labours. It is true that Oscott cannot claim him as one of her *alumni*, but he has been our Superior for nearly forty years, and, for the last few years, his residence amongst us during the winter months has made him very dear to us all.

William Ullathorne was born on the 7th of May, 1806, at Pocklington, some ten or twelve miles from York. His father belonged to a good old Catholic family, which reckoned among its ancestors a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor and Martyr. His mother was a convert, distantly related to Sir John Franklin, the Arctic Navigator; and William was the eldest of their ten children. He learnt his letters from the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in the town, and when he was eight years old, became a weekly boarder in a neighbouring village, that he might receive some further schooling. He returned home every Saturday night, that he might hear Mass on Sundays, and listen to the instructions of the Abbé Fidèle, a venerable French émigré, who had at that time the charge of the Pocklington mission. The teaching the boy received at Burnty was, of course, quite of an elementary kind; but his own insatiable taste for reading enlarged his stores of knowledge, far beyond what is usual in boys of his age. His imagination was remarkably lively, and led him to take special delight in any voyages and travels he could lay his hand on.

After two years of this village schooling, the whole family removed to Scarborough, where, for the first time, he saw the sea. This had been a great object of his aspiration from the time he had read *Robinson Crusoe*; and he has never forgotten the keen sense of wonder and delight with which he gazed on that enchanting sight. Here he was sent to a school of higher pretensions, but, like the former one, kept by a Protestant master. He suffered, however, great disadvantages by his change from Pocklington, in the loss of weekly Mass. Although there was a fair Chapel at Scarborough, there was no resident priest; the mission was served alternately by two

priests of the neighbourhood, each coming once in six weeks. As they were both Douay priests, and generally dined at Mr. Ullathorne's house, the boy's interest was much awakened by their college stories; but his real attraction was to the sea. His father attempted to bring him up to his own business, but after a year's trial it was thought best to yield to the strong wishes of the son. A new brig was about to be launched, whose owners were among Mr. Ullathorne's personal friends, and it was to be commanded by a captain very superior to the ordinary run of mercantile captains. The officers and crew were also picked men, and so the future Bishop sailed as cabin boy from Newcastle to Leghorn, thence to Barcelona, and then returned from Tarragona to Hull. His next voyage was to St. Petersburgh. He was charmed by the wildness of the Baltic Sea, and much struck by the religious habits of the people; but a change of captains, and a change of destination for the vessel, led before long to the cancelling of his indentures. His parents hoped that this would sicken their son of sea life altogether; but though he had not much taste for ship work, and greatly disliked the coarse society into which he was necessarily thrown, he still retained his desire to see more of the world; and like many young sailors after their first voyage, was, perhaps, too proud to acknowledge any disappointment as to the results of his choice of a state of life; so he spent the winter in studying the science of navigation, and in the following spring set sail again. This time he was under a Catholic captain, whose nephew, the mate of the vessel, had been educated for a while at Stonyhurst, and was full of faith. They made a voyage to Cronstadt, and another to Memel, and there the young sailor met the turning point of his life.

One Sunday morning the mate proposed that they

should go to Mass; so the "Garden of the Soul" was fished up from the bottom of the sea chest, and the two youths set off together through the flat town, with its numerous wind-mills for sawing timber, and its many churches, which were in the hands of the Lutherans. Beyond the town, they reached a considerable wooden structure, exteriorly not unlike a barn, with a large grass-plot in front, in the middle of which stood a bare wooden cross. Mass had already begun; the men knelt on one side of the church, the women on the other; and their devout and recollected faces made the deepest impression on the cabin boy. Their hands were joined in prayer, and they were singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin to two or three most simple notes, accompanied by an instrument somewhat resembling in effect the tinkling of small bells. The sight and sound affected him in a wonderful way, his heart and soul were turned inwardly upon himself; he saw the claims of God upon his service, and felt a deep reproach for leading an aimless life. On his return to the ship, and on the homeward voyage he spent all his leisure time in reading the two or three Catholic books which the mate happened to have on board, and as soon as his ship entered the Thames, he wrote to his parents, saying that he now wished to give up the sea, and to return home.

Not long afterwards a friend, who had a son studying for the Church at Downside, pressed a younger son of Mr. Ullathorne's to embrace the same vocation. The invitation, however, met with no response; whereupon the elder brother made known to his parents the full extent of the change that had been wrought in him, and to his great delight it was soon arranged with Dr. Barber, the Prior of Downside, that William should go to that school. He went in the beginning of February, 1823, not yet having completed his seventeenth year.

There were only twenty boys in the school; probably there were none of these whose education—in its more vulgar sense—was more backward than William Ullathorne's, certainly none whose mind on the other hand was more fully developed. In him what Milton calls "the second education" of a man had preceded the first. He now set himself to work to supply the deficiency, and his natural abilities enabled him to push his way with wonderful rapidity to the top of his class, and indeed of the school; for at each successive examination, which was bi-monthly, he was transferred to a higher class. No doubt this was done too rapidly, as he himself has on more than one occasion publicly acknowledged. But if the intellectual and classical part of his education was too hurried, and therefore superficial, the same cannot be said of his religious and spiritual training. This was deep and solid, as became the nature which was to receive it. He was greatly moved from the first by the good feeling and piety which prevailed among the students, and the kindly relations which existed between them and their masters. The whole tone of things was in striking contrast to everything of which he had yet had experience, and it introduced him to a new world.

Mr. Polding, afterwards Archbishop of Sydney, was Prefect of the school and also the Spiritual Director. He at once began to prepare the new pupil for his first communion, which in consequence of the absence of a resident priest at Scarborough, and his own sailor life, he had not yet made. The preparation was long and thorough, and the first communion was delayed until the following Christmas night. It is not for us to lift the veil of secrecy that shrouds the soul in its communion with God: we can only record external facts. Twelve days later, William Ullathorne was admitted as a Postulant to

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the Benedictine Order. This however did not remove him at once from the school. It only obliged him to rise at five o'clock instead of six, in order that he might attend Matins and Lauds and Meditation with the Monks in the choir. On the 12th of March, 1824, he received the habit, together with four other students, and at the same time Fr. Polding gave up the Prefectship and became the Novice-Master.

Besides the usual course of Religious training and exercises common to all novitiates, the young novice devoted himself with the utmost ardour to the study of all the books that came within his reach. Indeed we have heard him speak with some self-reproach for having exceeded the limits of prudence and religious discipline in this matter. He made his solemn Profession on the 5th of April, 1825, taking the name of Bernard.

Early in the year 1828, he commenced his course of theology under a man of singular ability, who taught not only with method and after solid preparation, but also with considerable accumulation of well-digested knowledge. This was Dr. Brown, afterwards the well-known Bishop of Newport and Menevia, of whom Dr. Ullathorne is used to say, that he is the only person from whose living voice he ever learned much. Early in October of the same year, he received Confirmation from Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Weld, and on the 12th of the same month was promoted to the Sub-diaconate. In consequence of the unhappy differences which had arisen between Bishop Baines at Prior Park, and the Benedictines at Downside, his promotion to the Diaconate was postponed till the Ember Days in September, 1830. Soon afterwards he was sent with another of his order to assist the new Prior of Ampleforth in restoring that monastery and college, after the great loss it had suffered from the defection of those who had joined Dr. Baines.

He was appointed Prefect in his new home, and as there were many of the boys whose affections clung to the old régime, he had not at first a very easy task. His firmness however, in ruling, was soon made manifest, and wrought its salutary effect. On Ember Saturday, in September, 1831, he received the priesthoood from Bishop Penswick at Ushaw, and at once began his first missionary work. He was sent on Sundays to preach and perform the usual duties at Craik and Easingwold. But before long, he was recalled to his own monastery where he began to teach in the school.

About the same time Fr. Polding received a brief appointing him Visitor-Apostolic of the Mauritius, where his uncle Dr. Slater was Bishop. He however, declined the appointment, and Dr. Morris was put in his place. The Vicariate of the Mauritius at that time extended far beyond the limits of the island. It embraced all Southern Africa, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, including New Zealand, and even a considerable part of British India. Dr. Morris was an old member of the Downside community, and naturally wished for co-operators from the house of his profession. In reply to his application he was told by the Superiors that if Fr. Bernard were asked, he would probably be not unwilling to go. The reason for this suggestion seems to have been that in a conversation with his novice-master many years before, he had expressed his sympathy with the sufferings of the convicts in Australia, and stated that he should be ready to devote himself to their service if summoned to such a work by his Superiors. Dr. Morris also, knowing his taste for foreign travel, had tried to interest him in the Mission of the Mauritius, but had been told in reply that there were about a hundred reasons against going to that island, and nearly as many for going to Australia. After consultation with his

Superiors, Fr. Ullathorne wrote to the President General of the Order for leave to offer himself for the Australian Mission, which was at once granted.

Ecclesiastical affairs in Australia were then in a very uncomfortable position, and Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor, had asked the Home Government to make some arrangements whereby a Catholic Ecclesiastic might be sent out invested with competent authority to settle the matters in dispute. Dr. Morris, therefore, proposed to make Fr. Ullathorne his Vicar-General for that part of his Diocese. He must have already displayed at Ampleforth and Downside unusual proficiency in the difficult art of government, or Bishop Morris would never have dreamt of conferring so responsible an appointment on so young a priest. Fr. Ullathorne, alarmed at the proposal, had recourse to his usual Mentor; and acting on Dr. Polding's advice, did not refuse the offer. His early sea-faring life enabled him to turn the long voyage to a good account in the way of study, which was specially directed to the subject of ecclesiastical law in general, and the authority and jurisdiction of Vicars-General in particular. There would be four thousand miles between him and his immediate Superior, Bishop Morris; the breadth of the world between him and the Holy See; and no Ecclesiastical Superior of any kind close at hand, so that he felt that he would have to act as if the whole authority of the Church were concentrated in his own person, and to rely exclusively on his own resources.

Fr. Ullathorne had made it a point of policy not to send any notice to Sydney of his approach. On his arrival, he went straight to the priests' residence, where he found Fr. McEncroe, a grave man of considerable experience, who had formerly been Vicar-General of Bishop England in South Carolina. Fr. Therry, the senior priest, was absent at Paramatta, some fifteen miles off.

Fr. Therry had come with Fr. Conolly in 1820, being sent out by the English Government after Mr. Hutchinson had brought before Parliament the disgraceful conduct of the New South Wales Government in expelling the Arch-priest, Father Flynn, in 1818. We must mention in passing a touching incident connected with this period in the history of the colony. Fr. Flynn, during his short stay in Sydney, used to say Mass in the cottage of one William Davies, who had been transported for his share in the insurrection of 1796. He was a most devout Catholic, and in the rough early times, when there were no priests in the colony, had been repeatedly flogged, put in the black hole, and otherwise punished for refusing to attend the Protestant service. When Fr. Flynn was unwarrantably seized, cast into gaol, and sent home, he left the Blessed Sacrament in Davies' cottage, and there It remained for two years with no priest nearer than the Isle of Mauritius. The Catholics used to assemble in the house for their prayers, and Davies, with more than the Ark of the Covenant under his roof, was blessed and prospered like Obed-Edom. He began to gather wealth, and in course of time gave his house and garden as a site for a new church, and placed a thousand pounds on the foundation stone when it was laid.

But we are digressing from our story, and must return to Fathers Conolly and Therry. They arrived in Sydney in 1820. Soon, however, they disagreed, and Fr. Conolly proceeded to Van Diemen's Land, where he remained without ever having the opportunity of seeing a brother priest till Fr. Ullathorne landed and made a short stay there on his way to Sydney. Fr. Therry was a very prominent figure not only in the ecclesiastical, but also in the political world of the colony; and it was expected that difficulties would arise on the arrival of an ecclesiastic,

invested with higher authority than his own. However, on his return from Paramatta, Fr. Ullathorne produced the document constituting him Vicar-General, and Fr. Therry immediately went on his knees in token of obedience. A characteristic story is told of the first conversation between the old and new authorities. Fr. Therry began, "Sir, there are two parties among us, and I wish to put you in possession of my ideas on the subject." "No," replied the new Vicar, "excuse me, there are not two parties." Fr. Therry replied with some warmth, "What can you know about it? You are only just arrived and have had no experience." "Excuse me again," replied the Vicar, "there were two parties yesterday, but there are none to-day. They arose from the unfortunate want of any person armed with full ecclesiastical authority. That is now at an end. For the present in New South Wales, I alone am possessed of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Those who gather not with me, scatter. So now there is an end of parties."

The next day the new comer paid his respects to the Governor in his country house at Paramatta, where he had recently lost his wife, and was himself then confined to his bed by illness. But so anxious was he to have the Catholic matters of the colony peacefully settled, that he gave his visitor an audience in his bedroom. Sir Richard Bourke was not a Catholic himself, but had many Catholic relatives and friends, and had a sincere respect for the Catholic religion. They entered upon business at once, and seemed to understand each other from the first. But the Vicar prudently declined expressing any opinion upon the matters submitted to him till he had had time to consider them. With the same prudence, on the following Sunday, he announced from the altar in Sydney the powers with which he was in-

vested, and added that he suspended for a fortnight everything that was in course of proceeding, until he had made the necessary enquiries, when he would call a public meeting. On the day of the meeting, he preached after mass an earnest sermon on the blessing of Unity; took the chair himself, on his own motion; and at once opened the ball by saying that he had not called them together to talk, but to vote; that as to the past, the sooner they forgot it the better. "Let all the congregation," he said, "except the servants of the Crown (an euphemism for convicts) put into the voting-box the names of three laymen, whom they would wish to see united with the three priests (Fr. Therry, Fr. McEncroe and himself) as Trustees for all moneys and all business connected with the Church." This was at once done, and peace thereby re-established in the troubled community.

As soon as he had time to turn round, the Vicar began the same missionary life as his companions were already familiar with. Their usual mode of travelling was on horseback, accompanied by a servant man on another horse carrying the vestments, altar stone, &c. The priest himself always carried the Blessed Sacrament in the breast pocket of his coat, not knowing when he might come upon the sick and dying, a practice lately prohibited by the Holy See. On one occasion the Vicar lost the holy oil-stocks through their wearing a hole in his pocket. This happened on the desolate Blue Mountains, many miles from any habitation, but strange to say, a French woman happening to pass that way, picked them up, and at once concluding it was something belonging to a priest, found means of restoring them. In most places, the police courts served for chapels, but at times a public room over the stables of some hotel had to serve the purpose; and it happened more than once that the Vicar had to preach against

drunkenness in places devoted to drinking. Wherever the missionaries went, the Catholic innkeepers never failed to entertain both them and their horses free of expense. When they reached a township, they used to ride round, visiting all the farms in the neighbourhood, calling also at the Protestant houses, to ask leave for the Catholic convict-servants to come to mass and the sacraments; also looking after any sick who might require attention. Then came the day for mass, which was occupied from morning till night with people coming and going. Sometimes a second day was required for communions, and all this amid intense heat and many other grave inconveniences.

Even at Sydney itself, there was work enough for more clergy than the colony contained. Besides the usual flock, there was a large gaol in which convicts were put on first landing, and to which others were sent from all parts of the colony for extra punishment. There was the felons' gaol, where about forty executions took place in the year; a large chain-gang to be looked after on an island in Sydney Cove; a great convict hospital in Sydney, another at Paramatta, and another at Liverpool, 20 miles off.

Another field of occupation was the examining and signing the papers of the large convict population, for no one of that class could obtain either his ticket-of-leave, or free pardon, or leave to marry, or any other privilege, unless the document had first been examined and signed by the clergy, who (it must be remembered) were paid government officials. It is not to be wondered at then that one of the first objects of the Vicar's solicitude was to obtain more priests for New South Wales, and also to get things put on a better footing in Van Diemen's land. He wrote to Bishop Morris by one of the rare ships that

sailed from Sydney to the Mauritius; and after a long time received an encouraging answer, but nothing really practical came of it. At the same time, he had occasion to ask for two dispensations in matrimonial cases which exceeded his delegated faculties. He was told in reply that they should be attended to in a subsequent letter, which, however, never reached him. We mention these circumstances, as it was precisely such things as these that led him to recognise the fact that the new colony needed something more than a few additional priests. It manifestly needed a Bishop of its own.

Feeling the weight of his responsibility, he wrote to his old Novice-master at Downside, a letter which set the English Benedictines on the stir, led to communications with Rome, and finally to Dr. Polding's appointment as the first Bishop of Sydney. Meanwhile, Fr. Ullathorne began, with the aid of government, to build a new chapel-school in the most populous part of Sydney, a church and schools at Paramatta, a church at Maitland, and another at Campbelltown, but there were no clergy to reside at any of these places. The Vicar used often to officiate at Windsor, Paramatta, and Sydney on the same day. He would be driven to Windsor (a distance of 35 miles) every Saturday evening, and there put up at a Protestant tavern. The next morning he said mass at six, and preached in a chapel that had been a barn. He also attended the convict hospital. He then drove to Paramatta, a distance of twenty miles, where he said mass in a long dark room with a couple of wooden shutters for windows, built over the prison of a chain-gang. Having breakfasted here at an hotel, he visited the convict and military hospitals, at some distance from each other, and then drove the fifteen miles to Sydney to preach at the evening service. It hardly needs telling

that this excessive labour was usually followed by many hours of prostration on the Monday, for which he found the greatest relief in light reading and rest.

The duty of attending at executions usually fell to the lot of Fr. McEncroe. But when a judicial commission was sent to Norfolk Island for the purpose of trying a number of criminals, who had been engaged in rebellion against the troops and an attempt to get possession of the island, the Governor begged Fr. Ullathorne to accompany the commission, as many of the guilty men were Catholics. As the Government brig in which they sailed was pinched for room, the Protestant clergyman had to share the same cabin with the Catholic vicar. We forget whether it was on this occasion or another of the same kind that the Protestant clergyman, who was young and extremely nervous, confided to his Catholic companion that he felt this to be a very humiliating duty, and that had he known he should be subject to such, he never would have taken Holy Orders.

We shall take our account of the Vicar's visit to Norfolk Island from his pamphlet already spoken of, the Catholic Mission in Australasia, and we have no scruple in doing so, as we suspect very few of our readers have had the opportunity of reading those fascinating pages. We begin by quoting *in extenso* the description of the place.

"Norfolk Island is about 1,000 miles from Sydney. It is small, only about twenty-one miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, and one of the most beautiful spots in the universe. Rising abruptly on all sides but one from the sea, clustering columns of basalt spring out of the water, securing, at intervals, its endurance with the strong architecture of God. That one side presents a low, sandy, level on which is placed that penal settlement, which is the horror of men. It is approachable only by boats,

through a narrow bar in the reef of coral, which, visible here, invisibly encircles the island. Except the military guard, and the various officers and servants of Government, none but the prisoners are permitted to reside on the island, nor, unless in case of great emergency, can any ship but those of Government, showing the secret signals, be permitted to approach. The land consists of a series of hills and valleys, curiously interfolded, the green ridges rising above one another, until they reach the shaggy sides and crowning summit of Mount Pitt, at the height of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The establishment consists of a spacious quadrangle of buildings for the prisoners, the military barracks, and a series of offices in two ranges. A little further beyond, on a green mound of nature's beautiful making, rises the mansion of the commandant, with its barred windows, defensive cannon, and pacing sentry. Straying some distance along a foot-path, we come upon the Cemetery, closed in on three sides by close, thick, melancholy groves of the tear-dropping manchineel, whilst the fourth is open to the restless sea. The graves are numerous and recent —most of the tenants having reached by an untimely end the abode to which they now contribute their hapless remains, and hapless story. I have myself witnessed fifteen descents into those houses of mortality—and in every one lies a hand of blood. Their lives were brief, and as agitated and restless as the waves which now break at their feet, and whose dying sound is their only requiem.

"Passing on by a ledge cut in the cliff that hangs over the resounding shore, we suddenly turn into an amphitheatre of hills, which rise all round, until they close in a circle of the blue heavens above—their sides being thickly clothed with curious wild shrubs, wild flowers, and wild

grapery. Passing the hasty brook, and long and slowly ascending, we again reach the open varied ground. Here a tree-crested mound, there a plantation of pines: and yonder below, a ravine descending into the very bowels of the earth, and covered with an intricacy of dark foliage, interluminated with checkers of sunlight, until it opens a receding vista to the blue sea. And now the path closes, so that the sun is almost shut out; whilst giant creepers shoot, twist, and contort themselves upon your path; beautiful pigeons, lories, parrots, parroquets, and other birds, rich and varied in plumage, spring up at your approach. We now reach a valley of exquisite beauty, in the middle of which, where the winding, gurgling stream is jagged in its course, spring up, the type of loneliness, a cluster of some eight fern trees, the finest of their kind, which, with different inclinations, rise up to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, a clear, black, mossy stem, from the crown of which is shot out on every side one long arching fern leaf, the whole suggesting the idea of a clump of Chinese umbrellas. Ascending again, through the dark forest, we find, rising on every side, amongst other strange forest trees, the gigantic pine of Norfolk Island, which, ascending a clean stem of vast circumference to some twelve feet, shoots out a coronal of dark boughs, each in shape like the feathers of the ostrich, indefinably prolonged, until rising, with clear intervals, horizontal stage above stage, the great pyramid cuts with its point the blue ether, at the height of 200 feet. Through these we at length reach the crown of Mount Pitt, whence the *tout ensemble* in so small a space is indescribable, of rock, forest, valley, cornfield, islets, sea birds, land birds, sunshine and sea. Descending we take a new path to find new varieties. Emerging after a while from the deep gloom of the forest, glades and openings lie on each hand, where, among many

plants and trees, the guava and lemon prevail. The fern tree springs gracefully out, and is outstripped by the beautiful palmetto raising 'its light shaft of orient mould' from above the verdant level, and, at the height of twenty-five feet, spreading abroad in the clear air a cluster of bright green fans. In other places the parasite creepers and climbers rise up in columns, shoot over arch after arch, and again descend in every variety of Gothic fantasy. Now they form a long high wall, which is dense and impenetrable, and next comes tumbling down a cascade of green leaves, frothed over with the delicate white convolvulus. Our way at length becomes an interminable, closed-in vista of lemon trees, forming overhead a varied arcade of green, gold, and sunlight. The orange once crowded the island as thickly, but were cut down by the wanton tyranny of a former commandant, as being too ready, and too great a luxury for the convict. Stray over the farms, the yellow hulm bends with the fat of corn. Enter the gardens, especially that delicious retreat, 'Orange Vale,' there, by the broad breasted English oak grows the delicate cinnamon tree—the tea, the coffee, the sugar plant, the nutritious arrowroot, the banana, with its long weeping streamers and creamy fruit, the fig, all tropical fruits in perfection, and the English vegetables in gigantic growth. The air is most pure, the sky most brilliant. In the morning the whole is drenched with dew. As the sun comes out of his bed of amber, and shoots over a bar of crimson rays, it is one embroidery of the pearl, the ruby, the emerald; as the same sun at mellow eventide aslants his yellow rays between the pines and the mountain, they show like the bronzed spires of some vast cathedral, flooded in golden light."

After reading this vivid description of an earthly Paradise, it is painful and harrowing indeed to learn from

the same writer what a moral hell had been created by the depravity of man, amid such beautiful surroundings. This island had been selected as the place of punishment for men who had committed fresh crimes, after having been already transported to New South Wales for crimes committed in England or Ireland. Probably the majority of them had received, at one time or other, sentence of death. They were a desperate body of men, made more desperate through their isolation from the outer world, from being deprived of all access to stimulants, from the privation of hope, and from the habitual prospect of the enclosing sea all round their settlement, and the consciousness that that sea extended for 1000 miles before it touched another shore. Religion was utterly excluded from these miserable men; whether it was thought that they must needs be insensible to its motives, or were utterly unworthy of its consolations, we do not know.

Men have been found to argue, even with reference to this very instance, that the beauties of nature are powerful to correct the human heart; and here there was beauty "like the shadow of the countenance of the Creator, yet man alone, made in His image, remained untouched by His spirit, and wandered the demoniac of the scene." But as Fr. Ullathorne points out, whilst the devout man will muse on the beauties of Creation until he kindle like a fire, perverse hearts never see fine days or beautiful prospects; their thoughts are with society, there they find their sensual joys, and there they willingly dwell; and so deep was the depravity of these criminals in Norfolk Island, that in their language *evil* was literally called *good*, and *good*, *evil*. The well-disposed man was branded *wicked*, whilst the leader in monstrous vice was styled *virtuous*. Their life was one of most

intense misery; they worked in heavy irons and fed on salt meat and maize bread; so indifferent had life become to them that murders were committed in cold blood, the murderer afterwards declaring he had no ill feeling against his victim, but that his sole object was to obtain his own release. Lots were even cast; the man on whom it fell committed the deed, his comrades being witnesses, with the sole view of being taken for a time from the scenes of their daily miseries, to appear in the court at Sydney, although after the execution of their comrade they knew they should be remanded to their former haunts of wretchedness.

To such men as these the Vicar was sent in 1835, to prepare such Catholics amongst them as were condemned to death, to meet their end. His unexpected appearance, late on the night of his arrival on the island, came on them like a vision. He found them crowded in three cells, so small as barely to allow of their lying down together, their upper garments cast off for coolness' sake. They had for six months been looking for their fate. He had to announce life to all but thirteen—to these death. Those who were to live wept bitterly, whilst those doomed to die, without exception, dropped on their knees, and with dry eyes thanked God they were to be delivered from so horrid a place. Only three of the condemned were Catholics, four others wished the priest to take them also to his care. During the five days permitted for preparation, they manifested extraordinary fervour of repentance. On the evening before the execution, they asked, as a special favour, that they might have some tobacco, as with that to chew, they could watch and pray all night; and this indulgence was granted them. In the morning when the irons were struck off, and the death-warrant read, they knelt down to receive their final sentence as the Will of

God, offering their lives in expiation of their crimes. Then spontaneously they kissed the feet of the priest who had brought them peace, and mounted the steps of the ladder with light steps, being almost excitedly cheerful.

The priest had associated all his instructions with the prayer from the Psalms, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord Jesus, receive my soul." He advised them when on the scaffold to think of nothing else, and to say nothing else; and at the supreme moment, to his great surprise, they pronounced these ejaculations aloud, and the words were repeated again and again in a kind of solemn chorus, until the halter stopped all power of utterance. Four were executed on one day, and three the next, and on both days the Vicar preached from the graves of the dead to their former associates.

During the week still allowed before the departure of the ship, twenty conversions were made, and one hundred and fifty general confessions heard. He left prayer books behind him; arranged a form of prayer for their use on Sundays, and obtained the appointment of one as reader, whose duty also it should be to teach those to read who were unable, in the intervals between labour and food.

At the close of the next year, the Vicar re-visited Norfolk Island, and our readers will appreciate his delight at finding that his poor penitents had remained remarkably attentive to their duties of religion, so that not one of them had been brought before the judge for any fresh offence during the fifteen months of his absence. After his departure they had begged to be locked up in separate wards from the rest of the criminals that they might say their prayers together night and morning; and in the strength of God's grace, they had persevered in this practice, spite of all sorts of ridicule and persecution. They now had their reward in being admitted to the Holy

Communion. Besides hearing three hundred confessions during the fortnight of this second visit, the Vicar's labours were also rewarded by twelve conversions from among the Protestant criminals.

But we must reluctantly bring to a conclusion these reminiscences of a period in Fr. Ullathorne's life which has always appeared to us the most soul-stirring page in his varied experiences. He has left it on record himself that when he turns to this portion of his history, his memory fills with sensations of horror mingled with consolations such as perhaps few have experienced.

In the midst of so many distractions, he yet found time to use his pen with good effect for the Catholic cause. An effort was made by a few individuals to introduce into the colony a branch of the British and Foreign School Society for the purpose, as was professed, "of promoting general education." The predominant feature of the proposed Institute was that the Sacred Scriptures without note or comment should be introduced as a school-book. The Catholic Clergy were formally invited to the first meeting of the society, which was held in the vestry of the Independent Chapel. When, on a second meeting being called at the Pulteney Hotel, the Vicar attended with Mr. Commissioner Therry for the purpose of stating their objections to this system of general education, they were refused a hearing. Fr. McEncroe attended a third meeting, and again no discussion was allowed. Meanwhile there was much discussion in the newspapers and in society, and there seemed some danger of the "Australian School Society" gaining a footing in the colony. This led to the publication by Fr. Ullathorne of a short work "On the Use and Abuse of the Sacred Scriptures, as exhibited in the Discipline and Practice of the Protestant and Catholic Communions," which was

afterwards re-published in England. He also published a Sermon on Drunkenness, and another on Cursing and Swearing, thousands of copies of which were circulated throughout the settlement at the expense of the Government, or the Governor, we forget which.

He was also much occupied in making preparations for the expected arrival of Bishop Polding, for whom he engaged a large house and extensive grounds, judging it to be of great importance that he should from the first take up a proper position. The Catholics presented the Bishop on his arrival with a carriage and horses as a public expression of their purpose to maintain him in this position. The Governor and chief officials paid his Lordship every attention, and within the church everything soon began to assume larger proportions. Even Pontifical functions were attempted with as much solemnity as their limited resources could command. But the Bishop himself began at once that laborious missionary work among the convicts which made so vast a change in their moral and spiritual condition, and gave him so extraordinary an influence throughout the colony. Indeed the whole bent of his mind, his tastes and his powers, lay in that direction; and being inexperienced in public business, he left to his Vicar the Government correspondence which naturally began to increase in proportion to the expansion of the Church. As the Church developed, so did the sense of their wants of all kinds grow in the hearts of the Bishop and his clergy, and it was soon determined that Fr. Ullathorne must return to England, and do what he could to provide for them.

He landed in England towards the end of 1836, and then entered upon what must be called in some respects the most eventful years of his life, as it brought him into contact with so many men of note in various parts of the

country. He was perpetually on the move, not only through England, but also in Ireland. He wrote and published the book already mentioned on the Catholic Mission in Australasia; gave lectures up and down the country on his distant mission and its wants; and his appeals met with a very large measure of success. He wrote also a long paper for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, which was published and which nearly filled a number of the Annals of that society in 1838, and the Council voted a considerable sum for the Australasian mission which was continued for many years. He became a sort of ecclesiastical "lion;" met the Vicars Apostolic of England assembled at York; the Irish Bishops assembled at Maynooth, &c., &c. Several English priests and divines offered themselves for the mission, and that with great earnestness; but owing to the pressing wants in England, he did not succeed in really securing the services of many. He uniformly set before those who offered themselves all the difficulties and labours of the mission which awaited them, and none of the advantages. By this means he hoped to assure himself that all the volunteers would be animated by the spirit of self-sacrifice. In the end, he sent out or took out with him fifteen priests (four of whom at a later date became Bishops), five church students to begin their philosophy (and these were employed as catechists), five Sisters of Charity from Mrs. Aikenhead's new convent in Dublin, and two or three schoolmasters, one of whom became the able editor of the first Catholic newspaper at Sydney.

But perhaps what was more important than all, he was called upon, through the suggestion of Dr. Lingard, to give evidence before Sir William Molesworth's Committee on the subject of transportation. His evidence will be

found in the report of that committee laid before Parliament in 1838. It brought upon him an immense amount of obloquy and persecution on his return to New South Wales. In the midst of his distracting work in England and Ireland, he was summoned at the instance of Cardinal Weld to give an account of his mission. It was his first visit to the Eternal City, and whilst providing fresh and congenial food to his active mind, and especially satisfying his natural taste for the fine arts, gave him at the same time a kind of welcome rest. On presenting himself at Propaganda as the Vicar-General of New South Wales, and again on presentation to Pope Gregory XVI., his extremely youthful appearance, not unnaturally, was made the subject of remark. But he was ordered to send in a report of his mission, in which the authorities ultimately took a very lively interest. And at his farewell audience the Pope gave him kind words of encouragement; and as a token of favour conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

On his return to England, he assisted at the opening of St. Mary's College, Oscott, May 29th, 1838.

Not long afterwards the Vicar set sail for New South Wales with two priests, five Sisters of Charity, and the Church students already spoken of. It was a long and anxious voyage, for in those days people were not so used as they are now to the sight of nuns travelling to and fro. Moreover the voyage lasted five months and a half. It was not, however, by any means an idle time. Lessons in logic were given to the students, and spiritual conferences to the nuns. Mass also was celebrated as often as the state of the weather permitted.

On his arrival in Sydney, he found himself the object of universal indignation in the colony, and indeed throughout the other penal settlements. His evidence before

the House of Commons and his little book had preceded him, and garbled extracts published from them, dressed up in the usual newspaper fashion, with all sorts of exaggerations. He had deeply wounded both freemen and emancipists in two ways; he had touched them in two most sensitive points, their pride and their pockets. He had made known throughout England, and indeed all Europe, the state of moral degradation which prevailed in the colony; and had exposed the evils and vicious results of the assignment system. But on the continuance of that system depended the wealth both of emigrants and emancipated convicts. The land derived its value from the number of convicts that its owners could get assigned to them. Hence the more criminals, the more wealth. Moreover, trade and manufactures rested on the same basis. And even the domestic servants of both sexes were usually assigned criminals. But after the evidence which had been given against it, this system was being vigorously attacked in Parliament and by the English press; and its reformation was already looming in the distance. Bishop Polding had printed a complete edition of his Vicar's pamphlet, in order that his statements might appear as they really had been made without any of the mis-representations fastened upon them by the Colonial press. But as the assault grew more and more furious, he was afraid to publish it, and the Vicar on his arrival found all the copies carefully stowed away in a lumber room. The Vicar's landing was the signal for the storm to burst forth anew. The daily newspapers often devoted as much as half a dozen columns to abuse of him. Many years had yet to roll over their heads before the colonists realised the truth and justice of what had been said, and in a monster meeting, held at Sydney in 1850,

almost on the very spot where the Vicar had resided, registered a memorable oath, that no convict should ever again be allowed to set foot on Australian shores.

Even with their increased numbers, the clergy were miserably insufficient for the labours required of them, but Bishop Polding did all he could with the resources at his command, working himself as hard as any one of his Missioners, and still leaving the official business to be conducted with the government by his Vicar-General, who again, in his turn, had the special charge of the nuns at Paramatta, besides his share of missionary work. In the vast and thinly populated districts of the interior of the country, the Bishop always placed two priests together, one of whom remained at home, while the other passed through half the tract of territory committed to their charge, holding one station after another, for a month or six weeks, and then soon after his return, the other priest started on a similar expedition through the other half of the district.

About this time the Vicar wrote his "Reply to Judge Burton," the most important of his colonial productions. The Judge who had been a sailor in early life, as well as the Vicar himself, had published during a visit to England a large work in which he advocated the interests of Protestant ascendancy in the colonies, and attacked the Catholics. He had also given certain judgments from the bench which were reversed indeed afterwards by his brother judges, but which, had they stood, would have invalidated all the Catholic marriages in the colony up to a quite recent period, illegitimatized the children of those marriages, and upset the tenure of much property; and all this he had done on the mere plea of the applicability to colonial affairs of certain English laws which really had no authority there. On these two themes the Vicar wrote,

and his pamphlet made a great sensation. But it did not improve his popularity in the colony.

He had also another conflict with the Tract Society, which began to deluge the towns with anti-catholic publications, even venturing to leave them at the doors of Catholic houses. Men holding high official positions did not hesitate to subscribe to this society and make speeches at its meetings. In self-defence the Vicar organised a counter-association among the Catholics, made extracts from some of the most offensive tracts, prepared a list of Government officials who were supporting the society, and then proposed at a Public Meeting that a plain statement of the facts should be drawn up and sent with an address to Her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies. This was done, and the Society's rooms were thenceforth cleared of all Government officials.

These and other encounters of the same kind caused him to be looked upon with the gravest displeasure in all Protestant circles; and whilst they lauded good Bishop Polding as an angel of peace, they commonly called his Vicar, the Very Rev. Agitator-General of New South Wales.

After a while, when the necessity of still further increasing the number both of priests and bishops became manifest, the Bishop determined to return to Europe for a while, and to leave the Vicar to manage the diocese in his absence. But when the Bishop showed him a list of names which he meant to take with him to Rome to be proposed as Bishops, with his own at the top of it for the Bishopric of Hobart Town, the Vicar took alarm, and insisted either that his name should be removed, or that he himself should be allowed to accompany the Bishop to Rome. He felt that there was danger of his being driven by a kind of necessity to accept the Bishopric,

spite of his intense repugnance to it, or else of leaving the country for another indefinite period without its full complement of Episcopal overseers. But he hoped, if he were personally present, to be able to suggest some other alternative. After many changes of plans, it was finally settled that the Bishop and the Vicar, accompanied by a third Benedictine, Dr. Gregory, should go together; and passages were engaged in a Chilian brig which was sailing for Talcuhana, the port to the city of Conception.

The Vicar was far from foreseeing that he was now taking leave of New South Wales altogether; yet, as if in anticipation of the event, he signalised his departure by publishing three letters addressed respectively to the Governor, the city of Sydney, and the Colony in general, in which he predicted that the property of the Colony was soon about to change hands, and that great trouble was on the wing. These letters were signed "Sydney," his usual political *nom de plume*. No one believed them until the crash came, and the consequent distress lasted for many years until the discovery of gold opened a new field for enterprise.

We have said that Sydney was the Vicar's usual *nom de plume*, when he wrote on political subjects. This implies what has not been distinctly mentioned, but what all persons intimately acquainted with his character would have naturally expected, viz.: that his activity had been by no means confined to religious subjects, but embraced everything which in his opinion materially affected the well being of the country. We must make room for another instance of this, and then bid an unwilling adieu to the Antipodes. A scheme had been devised by the aristocracy of the colony for the purpose of protecting the fair name of themselves and their descendants. A bill was introduced into the Legislative Council, which would

have produced something not unlike our old English Doomsday Book. A census was to be taken of the whole population, recording of every family, whether they had come out free, or convicts. Now, many who had come out under this latter condition, or were descended from such as had done so, had risen into prosperous circumstances, and others were bidding fair to do the same; and the effect of the proposed measure would have been to stamp all these families with ignominy for ever. Bishop Polding therefore, and his Vicar, determined to sound the note of alarm; they sent for Mr. Duncan, a Scotch convert and schoolmaster, and editor of the Catholic paper, and desired him to get up a public meeting, select his speakers well, assigning to each his separate theme, and then to give a full report of the whole. This report filled the paper, and it was laid on the table of every member of the Council the day before the second reading was to come on. "Sydney" wrote one of his incisive letters pointing the question; and the result was a complete change of front on the part of the Anglican Bishop Broughton, and the great majority of the council, who had previously committed themselves in favour of the bill, but now rejected it. We believe it has never been again proposed.

But it is time to leave New South Wales, and to accompany our ecclesiastics on their homeward voyage.

Bishop Polding was anxious to visit Bishop Pompallier, in New Zealand, where the brig intended to make a short stay, and Dr. Ullathorne has charmed many an audience, young and old, by narrating his adventures during this visit, for one or two of which we must make room.

They found on their arrival there that Bishop Pompallier was absent on a missionary tour in his little schooner; but the Fathers of the Marist congregation received them gladly, and presently invited them to attend the evening

service, which was about to be given for the native tribe. The service began by one of the Fathers reading certain prayers. Another then intoned the hymn, which was sung with tremendous energy, after which the senior missioner addressed the congregation in their own language. The strangers of course understood nothing, but observed that he often pointed to them and so bent all eyes towards them; at other times, he pointed to himself; but whether he pointed to himself or to them, they always heard the word "Picopo." After the service was over, they asked the Father the meaning of this word, and he explained that when the mission was first begun, it was necessary to coin new words for the expression of ideas new to the neophytes. From certain peculiarities belonging to their language, the words Bishop or Evêque were quite unpronounceable, so the Bishop took the Latin word "Episcopus," and turned it into "Picopo" for his own title; and in process of time his religion also became designated by the same word. Now the Protestants had taken great pains to instil into the minds of the natives that the Catholic religion was of foreign growth; not the religion of Englishmen, but of the French, with whom they had nothing to do; so that the preacher's great object had been to point out that they had now before them a demonstration of the falsehood of these assertions, as they saw men who were English and yet Catholic, exactly as he and they were Catholics.

They saw an English Catholic Bishop seated on the same chair of authority on which the French Bishop usually sat. There were the Picopo-Poryaxono and Picopo-Weewee. The Picopo-Weewee was the Frenchman, so called from his frequent use of the affirmative in his own language; by Picopo-Poryaxono was meant the Englishman, the natives having given Englishmen that

name—derived from Port Jackson, the harbour of Sydney, which many of them had visited in the whaling ships.

The travellers also paid visits to some of the native chiefs in their own homes, one of whom greatly amused the Vicar by rubbing his cold blue nose with great energy against the nose of his visitor. Another amusing incident relates to their difficulties in crossing a morass. Dr. Ullathorne was taken over first, on the head and shoulders of a half naked New Zealander, and then enjoyed the sight of a huge human pyramid advancing at solemn pace, apparently supported on two copper-coloured legs. The pyramid consisted of the Bishop, with his purple-stockinged legs conspicuously prominent, and on his shoulders, rising above the broad ecclesiastical hat, a young English lad, who was travelling with them, from whose hands hung a couple of wild ducks.

Their intention on reaching Chili was to ride through the Pampas, across South America, to Buenos Ayres, and there to take shipping for England; and for that purpose they took English saddles as part of their equipment. But when they arrived there, the country was in such a state of disturbance that it was found impossible to carry out their design. They were, however, fortunate enough to find a French whaler just returning to Havre, and they arranged for a passage in her, the mates and harpooners giving up their cabins to the ecclesiastics for a small consideration. The accommodation was of course not luxurious, but the crew were a light hearted body of men, easily amused and always gay; and it is worth recording that good Bishop Polding, who never lost the opportunity of drawing souls to God, got a word first with one man, then with another, until at last they formed a regular class, coming to the cabin from

time to time for religious instruction. To one or other of the three priests, as they took the fancy, all made their confessions, the officers included. The ship's surgeon held out for a long time, but was at last captured by the cleverness of Dr. Gregory. On Easter morning an altar was erected and Mass sung by the Bishop with the Vicar and Dr. Gregory as assistants, the whole crew receiving Holy Communion.

Perhaps Dr. Ullathorne's nautical knowledge and hearty sympathy with sailors may have had something to do with this pleasing result. He is always wont to say that even English sailors are incomparably more simple and genuine men than their brethren on shore, though needing much guidance when off their own element. But the incident we have recorded struck him with special interest as showing what Catholicity can do in moulding the hearts of men of a rude occupation.

They landed first at Havre, and then proceeded to England, which they reached in the beginning of June, 1841. After travelling about a little, both in England and Ireland, sometimes together, and sometimes separately, but always engaged in furthering the interests of the Australian mission, Dr. Polding started for Rome, whence he wrote to Dr. Ullathorne, stating that he had been nominated for the new Bishopric of Adelaide; but Dr. Ullathorne, finding himself released from his position as Vicar, had already returned to Downside, where in the general chapter of the English Benedictines held about this time, the assembled Fathers voted him the title of Prædicator Generalis, *ob merita,* which gave him a seat for life in the General Council of the Congregation.

His occupation, however, was of a humble kind. He took a share in the teaching of the school as well as in its spiritual instructions. After a short time thus spent, he

received directions from the President-General to put himself under the Provincial of the South, who sent him to the mission of Coventry. A young priest had been recently appointed to it, but excessive nervousness had so destroyed his powers of sight, that he was unable to undertake its duties.

We must refer our readers to the life of Mother Margaret Hallahan for further information about the mission of Coventry, and the temporary commotion which was caused there by the unexpected announcement of Dr. Ullathorne's appointment to Adelaide.

We have often heard Mother Margaret speak of the wonderfully effective sermons which Dr. Ullathorne preached at that time, in a free colloquial style, blending anecdotes and narratives with dogmatic instruction in a way which was very attractive, not only to Catholics but also to Protestants, of whom a great many were received into the Church. Dr. Ullathorne was an indefatigable missioner, and became most intimate with every sheep in his flock. As they almost entirely belonged to the same class of society, silk spinners or watch makers, they formed as it were one family, and were truly devoted to their pastor. He on his part devoted himself to their service, and though the spiritual work of the mission was often interfered with by external causes, his zeal and the invaluable coöperation of Mother Margaret seemed to supply all deficiences. During his short stay in Coventry he had to change his residence three times, to pull down the old chapel and house, to build first the body of a new church and then the chancel, to enlarge the school, then to build a presbytery, besides training the religious sisters who had begun to gather around Mother Margaret. He had also to go about the country in quest of aid for these several undertakings.

Before beginning the new church he made a brief tour in Belgium, proceeding as far as Cologne, in the company of Mr. Charles Hansom, who then lived at Coventry. The object of this tour was to examine some of the best specimens of mediæval art, and to get hints for his own building.

The foundation of the Church of the Most Holy Sacrament and St. Osburg was laid by the President-General of the Benedictines, on the 29th of May, 1843, and the building was solemnly consecrated on September the 9th, 1845, in the presence of eight Prelates, Bishop Wiseman preaching the sermon.

On this occasion, Dr. Ullathorne put on the full Benedictine habit, intending to wear it always in the church and at home,—a circumstance which gave offence to some, as the practice had hitherto been unknown in this country. The habit was not even worn in the Benedictine monasteries, and Dr. Ullathorne's only practical acquaintance with it was during his visit to Rome.

His nomination for Adelaide obliged him to make a second journey to Rome, where he succeeded in being allowed to decline it. But it was evident that he was destined to be a bishop sooner or later. The mitre seemed to be ever flying about his head.

After his return Cardinal Franzoni wrote to him stating the intention of appointing a bishop for Perth, in New South Wales, offering the see to himself, but if he should not think well to accept it, asking his opinion of certain others who had been proposed. On the death of Bishop Baines, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, in July, 1843, there was some idea of removing Bishop Brown from the Welsh to the Western District, and appointing Dr. Ullathorne as successor to Dr. Brown. However, Mgr. Baggs, Rector of the English College in Rome, was

appointed to the Western District by Gregory XVI., and Dr. Brown remained in Wales. The vicariate of Dr. Baggs was not of long duration. He died in October, 1845, a month after the opening of the church at Coventry. Rumours were again soon afloat that Dr. Ullathorne would be named either for the Western or the Welsh District, and after a delay of some months, a letter from Cardinal Acton announced that he had really been nominated to the former. The Cardinal pressed him not again to refuse the offer of a bishopric, reminding him that the episcopate in these days, and especially in England, was more of a burden than an honour. On receipt of this letter, Dr. Ullathorne went by the next train to the Benedictine Convent of Stanbrook, to lay the matter before Dr. Barber, President-General of the Order. Dr. Barber represented to him the unsettled state of the Western Vicariate, the many and serious evils that had resulted from it, and expressed his conviction that Dr. Ullathorne was just the man to cope with the difficulties of the situation. Dr. Ullathorne declared that nothing but an obedience would induce him to accept; to which Dr. Barber replied that as far as his faculties extended he gave him that obedience. A letter therefore was written to Cardinal Acton signifying acceptance of the appointment, and the bishop-elect proceeded to Ratcliffe College to prepare for consecration under the direction of Dr. Pagani.

His consecration as Bishop of Hetalona took place at Coventry, on Sunday, the 21st of June, 1846, the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff. All the Bishops in England attended, Bishop Briggs being the consecrating Bishop, with Bishops Griffiths and Wareing as assistants, and Bishop Wiseman preaching the sermon. Dr. Newman and his companions, then recent converts to

CHURCH OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT AND ST. OSBURG,
COVENTRY.

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the Church, were among those who were present at the ceremony. His devoted flock presented him with a beautiful chalice, accompanied with the following address :—

"*To the* Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, *Bishop Elect of the Western District.*

"My Lord.—We beg most respectfully to approach you before your departure from amongst us, and, as affectionate children, to present to you a small proof of our gratitude. From the moment the sad news reached us of your removal from this mission, our feelings have been those only of grief and sorrow, for we are too well impressed with a sense of the many blessings we individually and collectively have received from you not to know that your loss will be the greatest that we, as a congregation, have ever experienced. But five years ago, when you came to us as our pastor, you found the place in which we then assembled to worship our Lord, a mere barn, in a dilapidated and even dangerous condition; and now, through your unwearied exertions, we have the happiness of assembling in a spacious and canonically arranged church, more befitting the tremendous mysteries daily celebrated therein. To you also, my dear Lord, we are indebted for the blessing of having established amongst us a holy Sisterhood, to whose ministrations of mercy and love there are none of us who cannot bear ample testimony.

"When we look back through the few years of your sacred ministry amongst us, we are overwhelmed with the consciousness that anything we could now present to you must fall far short of our measure of gratitude, for the many blessings we have received at your hands; for who is there who has not ever found in you a wise and prudent counsellor, an indulgent and kind father? who in trouble and affliction has not experienced your consolation? or who in doubts, perplexities, and trials has not felt the benefit of your fatherly counsel? And, therefore, we feel that the memorial we are about to present to you would be most unworthy of us, were it not accompanied and

entwined with our best feelings of affection and gratitude, and with our earnest prayers for your temporal and eternal happiness We have, therefore, chosen for presentation to your lordship this chalice and cruets, for we thought we could not select a token more befitting our own feelings, or more appropriate to your high and sacred office in the Church than vessels to be consecrated for the acceptable sacrifice.

" We presume not to attach to our offering any condition, but we may be indulged in the expression of a wish that they may be devoted to your Lordship's daily use, and that at those sacred times they may secure to us an affectionate remembrance in your prayers. In the midst of this our trial, we have experienced one great consolation from the fact of your having been appointed to govern a portion of the holy Church in this country, which affords a hope that you will have many opportunities of coming amongst us, which we could never have indulged had you been removed (as we have frequently feared) to a distant part of the globe.

" We rejoice, my Lord, that your great talents and virtues have not gone unrewarded even in this world, as we look upon your appointment to the office and work of a Bishop in the Church as a proof that your services to religion have been felt and appreciated by the venerable and Holy Father, who, at this time, so watchfully governs the Church. In conclusion, we beg to assure you that our poor prayers shall not be wanting in supplicating for you from the Father of Lights those graces and blessings necessary for you in this your most difficult undertaking. And that, as He has imposed upon you this great work, he would in his infinite mercy, give you strength equal to the burden."

The exact text of his Lordship's answer cannot now be recovered. The newspapers of the day only gave the substance of it. Some passages, however, are too characteristic not to have been a faithful echo of what was really said; and they seem to us worth preserving. "My dear and beloved friends," he is reported to have said,

"you have not often complained of my silence, but at this moment I know not what to say. When I was told that with your kind hearts you were going to wait upon me in this way, I felt an emotion as if it were going to be a trial. When our feelings grow too big, they will neither be guided nor controlled. I really know not what I am going to say, except that I am very grateful to you for all your kindnesses. We must all fulfil the will of Almighty God, and then, after a little while, we shall be for ever together. Four years and a half I have been with you, and you have always been like mild sheep under the shepherd. Divisions were unknown amongst us. You have been, as I have often told others, but never told you, like children of one family, happy and united round one common father. You speak of labours, but not of the manner in which you have lightened them. A labour of love is, as you know, no labour but a joy. It is when labours are mingled with anxieties and afflictions that they are great; and you never gave me any grievous anxiety or any heavy burden of affliction. With heart and hand you have co-operated with me by the most generous sacrifices; you have loved the beauty of God's House, and have loved to adorn it with whatever you had. The faith, the fervour, the devotion of many amongst you, your fidelity and perseverance through trials and afflictions, have often been a reproach and a salutary reproof to my own soul in its hours of sluggishness, though I never told you this until now. And how many of you have supported and consoled each other in the day of poverty, of sickness, or of distress. And now, if we are to part for a time, it is in obedience to the will of our Heavenly Father, who loves us, and disposes of us for our good in all things. Part, did I say?—Our souls are of so great a nature, that a hundred miles of mere earth cannot part them when they love each other.

Our spirits will not part, and our prayers for each other will be united together before they enter heaven. How well is this sublime truth expressed, my dear and beloved friends, in this beautiful and costly gift which your kind hearts so generously offer me. I am indeed more pleased and grateful for the delicate consideration which you have shown in choosing this offering than in the gift itself, however valuable. For this chalice, with its appropriate and complete accompaniments, of design and workmanship so beautiful that the work excels even the value of the materials, is destined for the everlasting sacrifice, by the receiving of which we are all made one and are empowered by the great love of Christ to love one another. You have accompanied the gift with this one request that I would use it as often as possible, and I cannot better gratify you than by saying that it is my intention to use this chalice daily in my own private chapel, so that when I raise it up day by day, at the moment even of the tremendous mysteries, the memory of your charity and edification, which is a work of grace, all your good feelings, may, as it were, gather round the beautiful stem and twine amongst its golden and enamelled flowers. The sacred name of Jesus is wrought in letters around this knop, as it were to clasp them together in one holy bond; and His sacred and adorable Presence will be within. Your prayers will continue for me to sustain and give wings to my own unworthy prayers, and mine will invoke a blessing upon you; and God will be around us, and the Blood of God will feed us; that same Blood, through diverse ministrations, will give the same life of love to us all, such is the happy privilege of the Communion of Saints. St. Paul never considered himself absent, however far in the body apart, from even the farthest removed of those who had been his spiritual children. It may be that,

whilst still standing day by day before the Altar, and lifting up this chalice of God to God—although the old age to be rather desired is those grey hairs, which are a sense of Divine things, and those things which are immaculate life—yet these arms may grow weary and faint with time and toil, but the memory of your affections will be with me, and if, as I trust, I continue to hear of your charity and love for one another, the grateful tidings will refresh my soul. Let me then, my dear and beloved friends, thank you with all my heart, and with all my love let me thank you. First, for your fidelity and charity; then, for the sacrifices you have so often and so generously made; next, for the edification which so many have so often given me; and for this very beautiful and costly gift, which is so fine a symbol of our mutual love and affection in our Lord. May Almighty God bless and love you. May He give unto your hearts the fulness of peace. May He make you an edification to each other and unto all. You are worthy of a better pastor; may He give you a pastor according to His own heart, and may we all have the grace so to persevere as to reach that final and joyful coming together which will never know more of separation."

Bishop Ullathorne lost no time in proceeding to his new sphere of action. He slept the first night at Mr. Tichborne's house in Bath; and went up to the College of Prior Park the next morning in cappa magna, in Mr. Tichborne's carriage, for the public reception according to the prescriptions of the Ritual. He addressed a few words to the assembled clergy and laity, a considerable number of whom had been invited to meet his Lordship and dine with him.

The College had been the residence of Bishop Baines, and Bishop Baggs, but it had been a settled principle

for many years past in the mind of Bishop Ullathorne, that a Bishop ought to reside in the most populous city of his district, or at any rate in some important town, where he could gather round him as many clergy as possible and carry out ecclesiastical ceremonies as thoroughly as circumstances would permit. He had already intimated this to Dr. Brindle, who was President of the College and Vicar-General of the District; but at the same time had declared his intention of taking up his residence in the College for a while, both to show his interest in the establishment, and that he might have time to become acquainted with all the bearings of his new position, before he committed himself to any decided action. Everybody knows what a painful source of anxiety the financial condition of Prior Park had long been; and how its capacity for swallowing up ecclesiastical funds had spread discontent both among clergy and laity.

The College broke up for the Midsummer holidays soon after the Bishop's arrival, and during the recess negotiations were entered into for the re-arrangement of the teaching and governing staff, before the students should return. Several recent converts from Oxford and Cambridge were either inmates of the College, aspiring to the ecclesiastical state, or married men living in the adjacent city of Bath; and it was proposed to enlist the services of several of these in the new arrangement. But both they and the principal priests engaged in the house had already had unpleasant experience of the unsatisfactory condition both of studies and discipline in the College. On receiving their appointments, therefore, they met together and drew up a memorial, which they presented to the Bishop, in which they urged the necessity of many changes. The Bishop promised to give the matter his best consideration, and summoning them the next day,

pointed out with great discrimination certain points on which he thought their demands reasonable, and would himself endorse them, but eliminated certain others as unnecessary, and these, therefore, he declined to press. Dr. Brindle refused to accept even those conditions on which the Bishop was prepared to insist, whereupon his Lordship said he must renounce all further responsibility in the affairs of the College, and most of the newly appointed staff refused to act. The Bishop himself went to Bristol, where he lived in a hired house for a considerable time.

Most of the officials and principal supporters of Prior Park were either ex-Benedictines who had abandoned Ampleforth to aid Bishop Baines in establishing his new college, or pupils whom they had taken thence, and who had afterwards become priests. They were, therefore, not predisposed to accept with very good grace the government of one who had himself been a member of the Benedictine Priory of Downside, with which Dr. Baines had had such serious differences. Moreover, Dr. Brindle had sunk his private fortune in the college, and naturally clung to his own views and plans as the best means both of promoting the good of the house and securing his own interests. Dr. Ullathorne offered to take the establishment off his hands with all its difficulties, but only on the condition of exercising full control over it in all respects. It was impossible for the two heads to work together. Dr. Brindle being in possession, and having (as we have said) a large personal stake in the place, remained firm in his position, and filled the vacant places by recalling, with the Bishop's permission, certain old members of the college who were occupying various posts in the district. One of these gave utterance to a saying, which spread far and wide in Catholic circles, to the effect that

Prior Park had killed two bishops already, and seemed not unlikely to kill a third, to which a sharp retort from the Bishop was soon equally well-known, that hitherto he had been in the habit of killing the difficulties that attempted to kill him. And so we doubt not he would have done here also, had time been allowed him. He began by gentle remonstrance in correspondence, then held a formal visitation—a thing almost or quite unknown in England at that time, and finding that his directions, though given in due form, were not obeyed, he proceeded to Rome to lay the difficulties of his situation before the Holy See.

We need not follow the details of this history, as the Bishop did not remain long enough Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District to bring it to a final conclusion. This was reserved for Archbishop Errington at a later period. Here we need only say that a Commission of Bishops was appointed by Propaganda, whose action fully justified all that had been done by Dr. Ullathorne. We ought also to add, that although Prior Park passed for a while into lay hands, it has been recovered by the present Bishop of Clifton, and is now again flourishing as one of our Colleges under the presidency of Mgr. Williams.

The Bishop having taken up his abode in Bristol, made a careful survey of the whole city, mapped it out into four missionary districts—at present there were only two churches, and these close together—and bought land and commenced a school in one of them. But want of resources sadly hampered all progress; there were no funds either for the education of the clergy or for administrative purposes, or for the maintenance of the Bishop. Although in the course of his brief Vicariate he contrived to traverse the greater part of the district, yet the expenses of travelling on the one hand, and the amount of work to be done in Bristol and Clifton on the other, obliged him

to limit his chief energies to those places. We need not say that his especial attention was paid to the communities of religious women under his jurisdiction by giving retreats to them, and in other ways; they were amongst his most loyal supporters, and often gave him much material help in his straitened circumstances.

The Bishop has, himself, written so fully the "History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England" that we must refer our readers to that volume for all details —here we need only state that Bishop Ullathorne was sent in the early spring of 1848, at the unanimous request of all the Vicars-Apostolic, to be their representative and agent in Rome for the prosecution of that affair. He arrived in the Eternal City on the 25th of May, stayed there about ten weeks, and returned to England in time to meet the assembled Bishops at Manchester, whither they had gone to assist at the opening of the new Church in Salford. It is matter of history how Dr. Wiseman, coadjutor to the Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District, was removed to London, how Dr. Walsh died not long afterwards, and Bishop Ullathorne was appointed to be his successor, in spite of his own remonstrances, and his attachment to his first episcopal home. He felt that his plans for Bristol and Clifton were beginning to assume a very practical shape and therefore regretted much that he was obliged to leave them unfinished. The community of his Dominican children, who had followed him from Coventry to Clifton, and whom he cherished with so special a care, were both expanding in number and largely developing their good works—these also he must leave behind, promising however to establish an affiliation in his new jurisdiction as soon as he could see his way to it.

We have not hitherto mentioned in the course of this narrative the name of Edgar Edmund Estcourt, but as he

accompanied Bishop Ullathorne to Birmingham, and occupied so prominent a position in that diocese until his lamented death in 1884, it is necessary that we should here say a word about him. He was one of those converts from the Established Church who had found a temporary home in Prior Park, but had left that college when Dr. Ullathorne's connection with it was broken, and at once went to live with the Bishop as his Secretary; he now accompanied his lordship also to Birmingham. The new Bishop was received in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, on 30th August, 1848, by the main body of the clergy of the district. Fr. Newman and his companions, who had but recently taken possession of Old Oscott, were also present. The clergy dined with the Bishop, and Dr. Weedall, speaking in their name, addressed his Lordship in a beautiful oration expressing very cordially their unanimous loyalty to the ruler set over them by the Holy See. This showed his Lordship that he had not to apprehend the same kind of moral difficulties which had beset him in his former Vicariate; but he soon found that the material difficulties of his new position were hardly less serious than those he had left behind him. From causes which need not be specified, the temporal administration, both of the missions and of Oscott College, was sadly embarrassed. He saw but one way open for restoring the balance of accounts to a healthy condition. He resolved to take the clergy into his confidence, and to gain their consent to a general reduction of income, at least for a while. To raise funds for Church Education he determined to ask for contributions from the faithful, and to organise a system of weekly collections, but from them also it was impossible to obtain the sympathy and aid he required without making them in some degree acquainted with the real difficulties of the

case. This he did in a series of financial Pastorals, from one of which we make the following quotation: "We have had a careful and minute investigation made of such existing liabilities as the Bishop, in the name of the district, is personally responsible for, and of the funds which exist for the purpose of meeting them. The result of this examination has been to show a deficit of no less than £975 a year, besides certain other liabilities sufficiently serious, which entirely fall on our contingent resources. Of this deficit, however, we are enabled to state that the yearly amount of £375 due to various missions is all that can be proved to be of strict debt and obligation arising out of funds which have existed, but have now ceased to exist. . . . This result has gradually arisen in one or more of these ways. The late venerable Bishop Walsh, acting on the recommendation of his legal advisers, changed a number of investments, which, instead of becoming more fruitful, as expected, became diminished, owing to the increase of attendant expenses, the depreciation in the value of securities, and to absolute losses. This was one source of diminution; another was the following:— Whilst principal moneys were in hand, during their transition from one investment to another, pressing claims appeared, to meet which promises and expectancies were at the same time in view. Unfortunately these promises were not in all cases capable of fulfilment; these expectancies, owing to various causes, were not at all times answered; yet under the existing pressure, and calculating on being able to replace them, portions of capital were advanced, and the replacement could not always be accomplished."

His Lordship then, with great thoughtfulness, went on to justify the memory of his predecessor, by pointing out that, if the present generation had not the money, they

had at least the noblest advantages from its expenditure; that not less than fifty churches had been erected under his administration, besides various convents and a number of schools, most of which had been aided, and some of them to a great extent, by Bishop Walsh. He concluded by saying: "For the rest, Brethren, our own duties are prescribed by the position in which we find ourselves placed. Instead of expending money for the present on new undertakings, it becomes us as a general rule to husband the resources which come to hand until every claim of justice be satisfied."

This is eminently characteristic of the Bishop's justice and charity, and the results have abundantly rewarded the course that was pursued. With the effective co-operation and untiring perseverance of Mr. Estcourt, the miserable state of affairs, of which he had had to complain, soon began to mend, and may now be said to have finally disappeared.

And here, perhaps, will be the most fitting place to mention a characteristic of Bishop Ullathorne's Episcopal administration, which cannot fail to have arrested the attention of all thoughtful observers. We allude to the unwillingness with which he has made appeals for pecuniary aid to the faithful of his flock. Spite of his great needs, he suppressed one of the three yearly collections which had hitherto been usual in the diocese, and on frequent occasions discouraged or even peremptorily forbade attempts that were being made to provide resources that would have helped him in the various good works he was known to have in contemplation. He has expressed his feeling upon this subject in one of his ecclesiastical discourses, delivered in the fifth diocesan synod in 1875. His words are these:—"There is no more binding union between men than that which rests

upon the free and constant interchange of gifts that are needful for their very life. Freely has the pastor of souls received, freely must he give to the flock what is needful to their spiritual life. And without contract, bargain, or form of exchange, since there can be no measure of proportion between things spiritual and things temporal, the people freely offer to their pastor the means for his earthly subsistence. 'If,' says St. Paul, 'we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap of your carnal things?' The good shepherd expending his life for his flock, the flock from duty, gratitude, and devotion supporting the life that is expended for them, presents one of the most beautiful combinations in the whole Divine structure of the Church. Each party has a work and a sacrifice in the other, and whatever is cherished by sacrifices is dear to them who make the sacrifice. In these obligations of mutual service, our Lord provides the bonds of higher confidence and closer love. But for this whole reason can there be nothing more injurious to the filial devotion of the people towards their spiritual father than for him to be constantly reproving them, and driving at them in ways that reveal a hankering for their money. It makes the Church and the Priesthood odious in their eyes. It displays an utter want of spirit, sense, and spiritual tact. Such a one will ask me:—Then how am I to live? What am I to do? Our Lord will tell you: 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' If you are really generous to the people's spiritual wants, they will be generous to your temporal wants. Wise, prudent, and laborious priests will all tell you this. It works as our Lord intended it should work, with the regularity of a law of nature, that if the pastor give himself heart and soul to the spiritual interests of the people, without

distinction of person or class, they will never see him want. Nay, if he set himself to provide needful charities, his resources will grow in proportion. But if the people see him more zealous for money than for souls, they will close their hearts to his most passionate pleadings. Of course there are times and occasions when it becomes the pastor's duty to bring money questions before his congregation and to do his best to succeed; but a wise priest accomplishes this duty in the most calm, sensible, and reasonable way, be it for church, school, charity, or personal requirements. Of what he receives he keeps accurate record, and gives true account, which inspires confidence both in his disinterestedness and his management." These noble words are a faithful reflection of the uniform practice of him who spoke them.

Mention has already been made in this narrative of the negotiations, in which Bishop Ullathorne had been the chief agent, for the restoration of the English Hierarchy. These belonged to the year 1848. But in the November of that year, the Pope had been forced to fly from Rome and did not return till the Spring of 1850, the city being in possession of the revolutionists during the greater part of the intervening period. The Cardinals also had been dispersed, so that no Congregations had been held in Rome during this time of trouble and disorder. But after order was restored, the case of the English Hierarchy was again taken in hand, and after the usual discussions and complete examination of the subject, the Brief was issued on September 29th, 1850. We need not describe the turmoil that succeeded its publication in this country. Cardinal Wiseman's appeal to the people, and a public meeting in the Town Hall of Birmingham, presided over by Bishop Ullathorne, on November the 18th, had much to do with recalling the English mind to a healthier and more sensible tone.

On Sunday, October 27th, his lordship took possession of his Cathedral in presence of an immense congregation, and after the gospel Dr. Newman delivered his remarkable sermon, "Christ on the Waters."

And now having reached this point in our story, having installed the subject of our biography in quiet possession of his throne, as the first Bishop of Birmingham, we are disposed to lay down our pen in despair, appalled at the audacity of the task we have undertaken. If we remember rightly the lessons of our youth, Aristotle has somewhere said that for one man to praise another implies a certain degree of superiority in the person who utters the praise. It implies that he has already attained such a standard of excellence as to be able to take the just measure of the other, from every point of view. But then Aristotle wrote before the creation of that new and wonderful race of men, anonymous editors, to whom diffidence is one of the dead virtues and modesty a thing unknown. Born in full possession of faculties far beyond the average vouchsafed to ordinary mortals, educated to such a height of perfection as to become living Encyclopœdias of universal knowledge, and invested from the first moment of their occupying an editorial chair with a kind of official infallibility, they are able to sit in judgment on every other class of men, whether kings, emperors, or popes, and from their judgment there is no appeal. But we are young in the editorial chair and confess we are not yet quite accustomed to the use of this tremendous power. We must, therefore, confine ourselves in the main to a chronicle of facts, though we fear our feelings will not allow that chronicle to be as dry and colourless as our relations to his Lordship would seem to make becoming.

The first point in estimating the life and character of a

bishop would naturally be the government of his clergy, and the administration of his diocese. We have already said something on this latter particular, and the former is precisely that on which it becomes us least to speak. We will only say that during the forty years of episcopacy, we believe that not a single complaint has ever been carried to Rome against his Lordship's decisions, a fact which of itself sufficiently demonstrates the justice and moderation of his rule. This is due in part to a well-known habit of his Lordship, which to some of his younger clergy has at times worn the appearance of unnecessary delay. He has always made a point of neither answering vexatious letters, nor acting on the complaints and reports of others, until he has given the matter consideration for at least a day. If the case in hand required any kind of exercise of authority, he never moved till it was perfectly ripe for action, and then the word and the blow were at once decisive.

Like many good and holy men, the Bishop is wont to attribute the best points of his character to an excellent mother, of whom he can never speak but in terms of most tender affection. He considers that he inherited from her a certain calmness of temperament, and that he owes still more to her early lessons of prudence and practical good sense, shown unceasingly in her example, and, at fitting seasons, in her words of advice. Be the cause what it may, the effect we think is undeniable, and has been most beneficial throughout the whole of his episcopate.

The clergy have always found in him, a safe and ready counsellor who, under ordinary circumstances, left them in possession of their full liberty. Only when they were about to engage in any work involving the expenditure of money, did he sometimes find it necessary to moderate zeal by the

lessons of prudence which he had gathered in the course of his long experience. One of his maxims in the matter of church or school building has been this, "always to allow a margin for unexpected contingencies to the extent of one-fourth of the original estimate, and not to allow the work to be begun until at least two-thirds of the estimate were in hand." More than one priest of his diocese has had reason to repent his want of faith in the wisdom of the first part of this regulation. This practical knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture enabled him to be of the utmost service in guiding those of his clergy who were engaged in the building of churches; and though his own predilection was always decidedly in favour of Gothic art, yet he did not attempt to impose his views upon others, whether clergy or laity, whose tastes led them to adopt another style in the works they undertook. At the commencement of his career he often had occasion, when the influx of converts into the church was so unusually great, to check the imprudent zeal of some who were disposed to enter upon works beyond their means; and he used to say that matters would not be set right until one or two of them had been put into gaol for debt. It created, therefore, a considerable degree of amusement, when, by a singular turn of fortune, his Lordship himself was arrested and sent to Warwick Gaol precisely on this account. "The case against him was curious; he was a debtor who had borrowed nothing, received nothing, given security for nothing, but he happened to be one of the *ex-officio* trustees of a charitable bequest, and though he never had any beneficial interest in the bequest, the Managers of the Glamorganshire Bank obtained an order for his arrest. His time in durance vile was more lively than lengthy." We think it lasted only ten days, and during that time, he and his fellow prisoner, the President of Oscott, were

overwhelmed with sympathetic visitors, Catholic and non-Catholic, who loaded them also with presents of all kinds, of which the Governor of the gaol came in for a considerable share. This happened in the beginning of May, 1852.

The best testimony that can be given to the success of his administration is to be found in the following brief statement which we take from one of his pastorals in 1884; that 44 new missions have been founded and 67 new churches built, and the number of priests increased from 86 to 198, since he first began to rule the diocese. As he himself says, in another pastoral letter (1866), "of all the material signs of the progress of God's kingdom in a country like this, the most important is that which tells of new churches and new schools. In each church that is raised, the Church universal makes a step forward, plants another foot on the soil, opens another path to heaven, and the Grace of Christ gushes through another spring, flowing from the inexhaustible fountain of the merciful Heart of Christ."

The increase of communities of women is still more remarkable. For the government and direction of these he has always had a special attraction. From the moment he conducted to the Antipodes the five Sisters of Charity whom we have spoken of before, he had always entertained the highest opinion of the value of their co-operation in missionary work, and his profound knowledge of the religious life attracted other communities also, whose province was more contemplative than active. At one time or other, as he tells us in his "Plea for the rights and liberties of religious women," he had been the ecclesiastical superior of full half the convents in the country. Although he used laughingly to tell the inmates of these houses that he was ready to offer to any of his brother bishops six nuns in exchange for one priest, yet we sus-

pect that the days and weeks he has spent in preaching on the occasion of clothings, professions, and jubilees, in giving long courses of instructions, or conducting spiritual retreats for these spouses of Christ, have been a source of real pleasure, and a great relief to his mind from the more active turmoil of his ordinary life. There were seven convents in his diocese in 1850; there are now thirty-six. Instead of a single House of Mercy, as the one charitable institution in the diocese, which existed at the earlier date, there are now two houses of mercy, seven orphanages, two asylums for the poor, two hospitals for incurables, and two homes for children under the Poor Law Board. In almost every instance these institutions are conducted by nuns. He has held six Diocesan Synods, preaching at each. He more than once preached at the Provincial Synods of Westminster, and was in continual request for the same purpose at the consecration of the new bishops for the various dioceses. He was also invited on several occasions to preach in Ireland and Scotland.

During the whole of his Episcopate, it may be said that either his tongue or his pen was never idle. Whenever there was any attack upon the Church in the form of an enemy without, or a traitor within the camp, Bishop Ullathorne was among the first to sound the alarm and to lead the defence. And on these occasions he rarely failed to carry the attack with great effect into the enemy's camp.

By his speeches at public meetings in the Town Hall, Birmingham, on the occasion of the popular tumult against the Hierarchy, and again on the invasion of the Pontifical Dominions, and also on various Catholic questions at the Annual Reunions; by pamphlets on the "Proposal to submit convents to Government inspection," on the "Association for the promotion of the Unity

of Christendom" (1864); on "Certain Methods of the Rambler and the Home and Foreign Review," (1862-3); on "the Döllingerites, Mr. Gladstone, and Apostates from the Faith" (1874); on "the Prussian Persecution" (1876), and by many other publications of the same kind, we can quite imagine that strangers outside may have been led to consider him to have established a claim to the same title he once acquired in New South Wales as the Right Rev. Agitator-General. But those within the fold will know how to appreciate the watchful activity of the faithful Shepherd of souls.

Nor has his intellectual activity been by any means confined to polemics. He knew how to turn his rare occasions of rest and recreation to profitable account for the instruction of his people. Witness his "Pilgrimage to La Salette" (1854), and Letters on the same subject (1858); his "Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco, and the Holy-Grotto of St. Benedict (1856), &c. &c. Other writings belonging to neither of the classes before mentioned are "Remarks on the proposed Education Bill" (1850); a volume on the Immaculate Conception (1855); "Lectures on the Conventual Life" (1868), and on the "Confessional" (1868); a "History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England (1869); "The Council and Papal Infallibility" (1870); 'Ecclesiastical Discourses" (1876); "Church Music" (1880), &c., &c.

But perhaps the greatest and most important works that have come from his pen have been the fruit of his ripe old age, "the Endowments of Man" (1880), followed by the "Groundwork of the Christian Virtues" (1882), and now about to be completed by a volume on "Patience." These, though written in their present shape quite recently, contain the accumulated wisdom of his whole

life, and will ever be a lasting monument of his powers of observation and analysis. We have heard one of his Episcopal brethren express his delight that Bishop Ullathorne had been spared to produce these works, as without them, he would have gone down to posterity as a successful administrator indeed, and an effective controversialist, but could not have been appreciated at his true worth as an original thinker and a master of the spiritual life. We have known also hard-headed lawyers and others, not within the pale of the Church, who have found in these works most valuable instruction as an antidote to the poison of infidelity in the midst of which they live.

There are two persons whose names stand forth conspicuous in the history of the diocese of Birmingham during the last forty years, of whose relations with its Bishop it would seem necessary we should say a few words. The one is Cardinal Newman, the other Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, foundress of the English Congregation of Sisters of Penance of St. Catherine of Sienna, of the third Order of St. Dominic.

Of the relations between Mother Margaret Hallahan and Bishop Ullathorne, he has himself given some record in his preface to the interesting life of that wonderful woman. He gives thanks to God that in His goodness he had deigned to make him an instrument to co-operate in the work of that great soul and that he had had the privilege of her friendship and prayers for six-and-twenty years. As to the character of that friendship, he re-echoes her own words, uttered on her deathbed—"it has always been in God and for God." He sums up her character in the few words wherein Montalembert describes certain heroic women of our country of the old Saxon days, namely, that she had the vigour of the man, the tender-

ness of the woman, and the simplicity and unpretending humility of the child. It will not be forgotten that it was Dr. Ullathorne who brought her over to England in the first place, and guided her not only in her external works, but also in her interior soul, during the whole period of her labours here. And if the genius and character of an artist may best be learnt from a study of his works, so in like manner much more can be learnt of Bishop Ullathorne from the study of Mother Margaret's life than we have either time or power to tell.

The relations between the Cardinal and the Bishop have been uniformly characterized by mutual respect and regard. Indeed we must substitute other words, and say admiration and affection. The Bishop, in a letter dated June 2, 1864, says to the Cardinal, "We have now been personally acquainted, and much more than acquainted, for nineteen years, during more than sixteen of which we have stood in special relation of duty towards each other. This has been one of the singular blessings which God has given me among the cares of the episcopal office. What my feelings of respect, of confidence, and of affection have been towards you, you know well. Nor should I think of expressing them in words. . . . During our long intercourse there is only one subject on which after the first experience I have measured my words with some caution, and that has been where questions bearing on ecclesiastical duty have arisen. I found some little caution necessary because you were always so prompt and ready to go even beyond the slightest intimation of my wish or desires."

On the other hand the Cardinal has not failed to express on various occasions his appreciation of the Bishop. We shall presently see one specimen of this in the address which he composed in the name of all the clergy on the

H. Adlard Sc.

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of the Mother of God

occasion of the half jubilee of his episcopate. Long before this in the earliest days of his connection with the Bishop (1850), the Cardinal had dedicated to the Bishop his Lectures on Anglican Difficulties, on the ground of the well known interest which his Lordship had so long taken in the religious party to which they referred, and the joy and thankfulness with which he always welcomed the manifestations of God's grace, as often as first one and then another of their number emerged in his turn from the mists of error into the light of peace and Catholic truth.

Again in the History of his Religious Opinions he has borne testimony to the Bishop's love of truth and justice in the following passage—"When I first became a Catholic, nothing struck me more at once than the English out-spoken manner of the priests. It was the same at Oscott, at Old Hall Green, at Ushaw; there was nothing of that smoothness or mannerism, which is commonly imputed to them, and they were more natural and unaffected than many an Anglican clergyman. The many years which have passed since, have only confirmed my first impression. I have ever found it in the Priests of this diocese; did I wish to point out a straightforward Englishman, I should instance the Bishop, who has to our great benefit, for so many years presided over it."

To this we must add a more recent document, written indeed under some misapprehension of what was contemplated, but much too pertinent to our present purpose not to be inserted in this place.

"June 2nd, 1886.

"Dear Provost Northcote,—I do indeed with all my heart join in the address of congratulation, which I believe you are sending to the dear Bishop on the completion of the 40th year of his episcopate, and I hope that the Chapter and clergy will allow me to unite my name to theirs in this pleasant and dutiful act.

"I recollect the day of consecration well. His Lordship had most kindly invited me and my intimate friends to the sacred rite, and after it he did me the special favour of making me acquainted with that holy woman, Mother Margaret Hallahan.

"Not long after the Oratory took its start in England, and special relations were created by the Holy Father's Brief, between its Fathers and the Bishop of Birmingham, and the experience of the long series of years which have followed has filled me, as you may well understand, with the affectionate and grateful recollection which so holy and kind a superior could not fail to impress upon me.

"This letter but feebly expresses what I would say, but I am losing the use of my fingers, and, strange to say, this confuses and impedes my use of words.

"I am, my dear Provost,
"Yours most sincerely,
"John H. Card. Newman."

This letter of the illustrious Cardinal naturally puts us in mind of the different occasions on which the love and admiration of the flock in general have been manifested towards the Bishop. One such occasion was his return from Rome in the year 1867, when an address was read to him in the Library of St. Mary's College, Oscott, accompanied by the presentation of £2,700, to enable him to commence a work that was known to be very dear to his heart, the establishment of an Ecclesiastical Seminary. The address began by testifying the deep sense which both the clergy and laity entertained of his Lordship's unwearied labours in the pastoral office for the nineteen years, during which he had so happily governed the diocese. Without enumerating the many claims he had established on their gratitude during that time, or the continued efforts which he had so successfully made for

the spiritual advancement and temporal well-being of the diocese, it expressed their desire to present him with some lasting testimonial of their respect and affection which they knew would be more acceptable to him than any gift offered personally to himself.

The Bishop in reply stated that the donors had divined the master wish of his heart; for that of all the testimonials that might have been selected, this was the one most acceptable to his feelings. "This is one of those occasions," he said, "so rare with regulated minds, yet so precious when the hour comes; when feelings that have long and silently accumulated find their utterance at last, though they fail to find an adequate expression. The pastoral duties, in their character so paternal, have planted between us relations of affection as well as of duty. And time only tends to draw closer, and to strengthen those spiritual bonds of grace, of faith in each other, and of mutual charity, which it is a Bishop's noble office to foster and to perfect."

Another such occasion was in June, 1869, when after holding the fourth of his Diocesan Synods, an offering of £358 was made to him in St. Chad's Cathedral towards defraying the expenses of his assisting at the General Council in Rome. The Itinerarium was solemnly recited by all the clergy for his safety on the journey, and many accompanied him to the station to wish him God speed at the moment of his departure.

In the year 1871, his Lordship had reached the half jubilee of his Episcopate, and the clergy determined not to allow such an event to pass by without due commemoration. The Bishop sang the Mass in his cathedral on Wednesday, the 21st of June, after which a costly pectoral cross and chain were presented to him, accompanied by the following address, written by Cardinal Newman:—

My Lord,

We, your Lordship's dutiful clergy, Secular and Regular, venture to address you on this day, the twenty-fifth anniversary of your consecration, in the belief that it will not be unwelcome to you to receive our united congratulations on what may be rightly called the Jubilee of the Diocese.

Only to a few members of the Episcopate is it given at any time to complete so many years of Episcopal labour as have been granted to you; and that, in addition to a long previous course of services, many and various, at home and abroad, in the ministry of Holy Church.

From the schools and cloister of St. Benedict, through a rough time and hard struggle in the cause of the outcast and prisoner at the Antipodes, after some busy years of successful missionary work in this neighbourhood, you were brought on by God's good providence to that day, when, in a Church built by your own people, as a monument of your exertions among them, amid a large concourse of clergy, some of whom now address you, you were, by appointment of the Holy See, made one of its Vicars in this country, and submitted to that solemn rite which anointed and sealed you to take your place among the supreme rulers in the household of God.

You were consecrated among us, but not for us; but it was fitting that a connexion thus auspiciously commenced should issue in a more direct and permanent relation to the Catholics of these parts; and accordingly, shortly after, on the restoration, not without your own special exertions, of the Hierarchy, in spite of the ties of duty which bound you to the West of England, you were nominated by the Holy Father to fill its central See, and to be the first Bishop of Birmingham.

For more than twenty years has your name been intimately connected with this great city; for twenty years and more have your prayers and efforts been directed to give a form and purpose and a steady prosperous growth to its nascent church, which was committed to your tutelage.

Many nursing Fathers, as we humbly trust, will be given to the Church in long series, as time goes on; but it can have

only one parent and founder; and it is your prerogative, my Lord, to have had the primary occupancy of a field of labour, large, multiform, and important, with its numerous clergy, its religious houses, its zealous Catholics in all ranks of the community, and the high office of moulding and welding them together into one whole, after that ecclesiastical model specially prescribed by the Apostles in the beginning.

And, through Divine mercy, you have been allowed in great measure to see the fruit of your long toil When you came here, there were three missions in this place; now there are nine. Within the circuit of your present jurisdiction outside Birmingham, the missions have increased from 66 to 100. Large and handsome Churches have been built at Wolverhampton, Stafford, Longton, Stone, Stoke, Leamington, Warwick, Walsall, Bromsgrove, Stourbridge, and Kidderminster. Your clergy were 79 when you came, they are 160 now. Houses of religious women have been your special care; they have increased from 11 to 26. And, as a singular favour of God, to you it has been given to recognise, from your first coming among us, that great and holy soul, taken from us three years since, who, guided by your personal direction, and supported by your episcopal countenance, at length sent forth her children into other dioceses, and has already added a hundred names to our English roll of the spouses of Christ.

Moreover, on you has devolved, as the first bishop, the duty of forming our diocesan Chapter, of initiating the periodical observance of diocesan Synods, of providing for the due order of Episcopal Visitation, and of carrying out in other ways the details of ecclesiastical organization involved in the introduction of the Hierarchy.

Two objects there have been, which you have had at heart, but which it did not lie with yourself to bring into effect:—One was the convocation of an Œcumenical Council, for the adaptation of the discipline of the Canon Law to the requirements of modern times; and this you have seen fulfilled, you yourself taking in it no ordinary part. The other

was the collection of funds for the foundation of a Seminary, according to the injunction of the Council of Trent, for the education of the diocesan clergy; and this great undertaking, we rejoice to know, is on the point of being commenced.

Nor is it in behalf of the clergy only that you have successfully exerted yourself in the interests of education. By your personal exertions, and under your large-minded patronage and sanction, schools have multiplied among us, for high and low, for boys and girls. At present there are eighty-three poor schools in the diocese, twenty-five of them conducted by religious teachers. The benefits resulting to the Catholic community from these will be better understood and set forth by the next generation, than they can be estimated by ourselves at the present moment.

My Lord, we come before you with this address, young and old; but, whatever be our age, according to the years that we have had experience of your governance, we gratefully recognize in you a vigilant, unwearied Pastor; a tender Father; a Friend in need; an upright, wise, and equitable Ruler; a Superior who inspires confidence by bestowing it; the zealous Teacher of his people; the Champion, by word and pen, of Catholic interests, religious and social; the defender of the defenceless; the vindicator of our sacred ordinances, amid the conflict of political parties and the violence of theological hostility; a faithful servant of his Lord, who by his life and conduct claims that cheerful obedience which we hereby, with a full heart, offer to you.

My Lord, we stand this day in the place of those many fellow labourers and subjects of yours, who have worked with you in their time, who felt what we feel about you, who, in the course of twenty years, have been taken away from you for their reward. Their works remain for our benefit, and for our example. We wish to support you in your episcopal cares, as they supported you before us. May the Lord of life and death add many years to those which He has already given you; and, when at length your time shall come, as come

BISHOP ULLATHORNE.

From a Photograph of the Painting by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.—The [illegible] by
JOHN CAMPBELL, 56, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM. 1877.

it must to every one of us in his own turn, may you be found worthy to receive the "never-fading crown of glory" promised to the good shepherds, who, in the words of the Prince of the Apostles, "have fed the flock of God;" "*non coactè, sed spontaneè secundum Deum, neque turpis lucri gratiâ, sed voluntariè, neque ut dominantes in cleris, sed forma facti gregis ex animo.*"*

There would have been another presentation on a much grander scale, in honour of his Sacerdotal Jubilee in 1881, had not his Lordship himself interposed and expressed a wish that the offering should consist of prayers and masses. On that occasion, he sang his Jubilee Mass and Te Deum of thanksgiving in the Chapel of St. Mary's, Oscott, whence he addressed the following letter to all the clergy of his Diocese:—

St. Mary's College, Oscott,
September 26th, 1881.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

After my humble thankgiving to God, Who in His goodness has brought me to the fiftieth year of my priesthood, I take the earliest opportunity of expressing the gratitude which I deeply feel to all those who have offered their prayers to God for their Bishop, on an occasion to him so full of solemn memories. To the Rev. Clergy, ever loyal to the pastoral staff; to the devoted religious women, who adorn the Diocese with their virtues and good works; to the pious laity, many of whom have offered their supplications for me to the throne of God; and certainly not less to the children, whose simple-hearted petitions are always pleasing to God, I give all the thanks of which my heart is capable.

When it reached my ears that there was an intention of making a presentation from the Diocese, in honour of my

* "Not by constraint, but willingly according to God; not for filthy lucre's sake, but voluntarily; neither as lording it over the clergy but being made a pattern of the flock from the heart."—I. *Pet.*, v., 2, 3.

sacerdotal jubilee, for reasons which I deemed prudent, I took the liberty to suggest that, instead of a presentation, I might be allowed to ask for prayers. For prayers are indeed the most precious gifts which one soul can offer to another. But I was not prepared for so general and fervid a response to this desire. Wishing for the retirement befitting the occasion, I sought it in this College. But when I stood at the altar in those pontifical ornaments which I had borne for five-and-thirty years, with the weight upon me of fifty years of responsibility in the sacred ministry, I was touched with tender emotion in beholding the whole College, even to its youngest members, approaching to receive the Holy Communion at my hands, that they might offer their supplications to God for me. And as I knew and felt that in every Church of the Diocese each priest was offering the Holy Sacrifice with me, and for me; that in every Convent each religious was approaching the altar from the same motive; and that not a few of the pious laity and some of the schools of children, were also offering their devotions to God on my behalf; I must indeed have been insensible not to have been deeply moved with gratitude to God, from Whom every good and charitable inspiration comes, and largely grateful to those devout and generous souls who were pleading to Heaven for me. Beyond those prayers which I am bound in duty to offer continually for all under my pastoral care, the only return I can make will be to offer three times the Holy Sacrifice in a special manner for all those who have prayed on this solemn occasion for grace and blessings upon their Bishop.

In the numerous and affectionate letters which I have received, altogether beyond my deservings, mention is frequently made of the great progress which our holy faith has made, both in this country and in the colonies, since the solemn day when I was first ordained to the altar. Undoubtedly I have seen wonderful changes, beyond all expectation, as well in Australia—to which my first services were given—as in this country. But if, next to the grace and mercy of God, this has

been owing in great measure to the constant care and wise provisions of the Holy See, and to the watchful solicitude of the Bishops, it is also owing, in a very large measure, to the constant, stubborn and untiring labours of the Clergy; to the energetic converts whom in wonderful and hidden ways God has brought into the Church; to the prayers of the cloistered, and the unwearied labours of the active religious communities, devoted as they are to every kind of charity, both corporal and spiritual; and again, which we should never forget, to the prayers and good works of the lay members of the Church, and especially of those who, joining generosity to edification, do so much in aiding us to build up the Church of God.

I thank God for the happy peace and unity with which He has so long blessed this Diocese, a unity which is always strengthened by our mutual prayers for each other, and by our charitable judgments of each other. Nor in this blessed unity are we an exception to other Dioceses of England, whose Clergy and people adhere faithfully to their Bishops, as you to me. I also pour forth my gratitude to God for your loyalty and charity to him who has so long borne the mitre of spiritual government among you; that mitre which the learned Bishop Milner so long adorned with his wisdom and courage; that mitre which the meek Bishop Walsh bore with so much gentleness and generosity. I pray God to reward you a hundredfold for your goodness and charity to me, especially on this solemn occasion. And not only to the Rev. Clergy, who are my right hand, but to the devoted religious, whom I regard with paternal affection, and to the pious laity, ever ready to respond to the call of their Bishop.

I pray God, with all my heart, that He would grant to you and to them an abundance of those spiritual blessings which you have so piously invoked upon me, and I remain,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your obliged and devoted Servant in Christ,

+ WILLIAM BERNARD,

Bishop of Birmingham.

The latest—we sincerely hope it may not be the last—of these presentations was of a more private, but yet more weighty character, at the meeting of the English Bishops in London in the Low Week of the present year (1886). They knew how perseveringly he had always set his face against testimonials; but they determined that on the attainment of his 80th birthday, which happened during the time of their meeting, there should be no possibility of escape. Making him sit down in their midst, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, in the name of all the Bishops standing on either side of him, offered him "their felicitations and cordial expressions of the confidence and reverent affection which they felt for him, accompanied with a little token in the shape of books connected with the special line of the studies and writings which he is still persevering in for the public good, though so well entitled to repose and rest from all further labours. The scene was private; for none were admitted but the members of the hierarchy, but it was as touching as it was simple and unique. The tribute of admiration, confidence, and love, offered by the whole hierarchy, will be most assuredly welcomed and applauded by the whole Church in England and Australia."

These words, well known to proceed from the pen of one of the Bishops themselves form the most fitting conclusion to our record, as the act itself which they commemorate forms the most fitting crown to the life of a

"FIDELIS SERVUS ET PRUDENS, QUEM CONSTITUIT DOMINUS SUPER FAMILIAM SUAM."

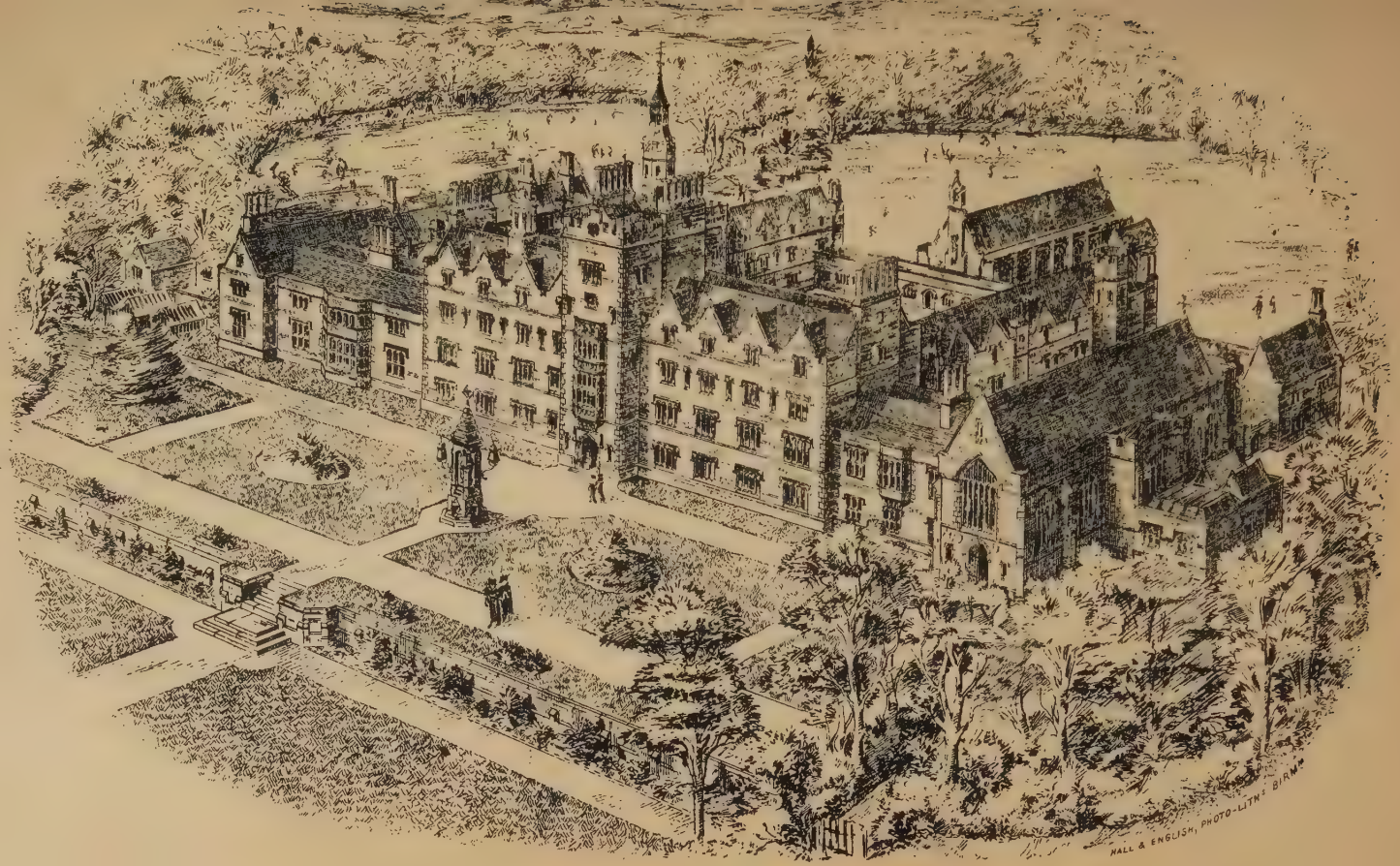
We proceed to give a few extracts from the Bishop's letters, published and unpublished. Of the latter there must be an enormous number both in the houses of Catholic families, and still more in the archives of divers religious communities up and down the country; for few men had a larger circle of friends, and few were ever more frequently consulted in spiritual difficulties. His ready sympathy prompted him frequently to write notes of congratulation or condolence even where they had not always been expected; and his answers to questions on spiritual matters, if only they could be brought together, would, we suspect, fill a very goodly volume, solving many a problem of the interior life. We much regret that we are writing under pressure of time, and therefore have not been able to make as large a collection of materials as we could wish. But the following selection, small as it is, will be read with profit and interest, and furnish a fair specimen of the whole. Heartiest thanks are due to those who have kindly contributed from their treasures. We are specially indebted to the families at Baddesley Clinton, Garendon Park, and Spetchley; as also to the religious communities at Atherstone, Princethorpe, Selly Park, and Stone.

I.—Published Addresses, Dedications, and Letters.

Address to Dr. Weedall on his elevation to the dignity of Monsignore on the 50th anniversary of Dr. Weedall's coming to Oscott, June 11th, 1854.

I feel a singular pleasure, Right Rev. Sir and my dear friend, in uniting my congratulations with those that have been presented to you by the superiors, professors, and students of the College on this auspicious occasion. For fifty years your name has been associated with this institution, from which it never can be in future separated. In its present expansion and completeness, the College of St. Mary's, Oscott, recognises you as its founder. Admirably as experience has shown this large structure to be adapted to its purposes, finished as are its arrangements, suitable and harmonious as are its appointments, even to the least details, it was the emanation of your mind; and the time through which it has flourished, from its foundation on this beautiful site, has but indicated more perfectly the judgment and foresight which you exercised in its projection. And in your venerable yet vigorous age, you have come to renew that peculiar spirit of ecclesiastical piety and discipline within its walls with which your character imbued it from the first.

The Supreme Pontiff, in that document which has just been read, has shown how well he understands and how thoroughly he has appreciated your merits even in their detail; and the distinction which, unsolicited and unlooked for, the Father of the Faithful has, out of his high consideration and of his own motion, conferred upon you at this interesting moment of your career, reflects



ST. MARY'S

honour from you upon me, upon this College, upon this Diocese; and I know how thoroughly, how heartily the clergy join with me in congratulating you upon this well-merited proof of Apostolic favour.

One thing only I regret in this festive commemoration. You have been deceiving us. So gently has the green vigour of your spirit grown over this half century, in companionship with the College, that the term has come upon us suddenly and unawares. It was a sudden discovery. And the discovery came so late, so near on the day, that there was not time left for ample preparations. I myself knew of the arrival of this jubilee only three days ago. Had there been but time for the invitations, I am sure that many clergymen from the adjoining dioceses, that distinguished prelates, that many of those once your pupils, of more than one generation or even two, who occupy dignified positions in the world, would have gladly come here this day to give you cordial proof that their esteem and veneration for you has undergone no change.

After the discriminating appreciation of the Sovereign Pontiff, my commendations were vain. But if only for my own satisfaction, I will dwell a moment on that modesty and gentleness which, instead of impairing, adds force to firmness when fit occasions call it forth. That keen spirit always of the Ecclesiastic; that kind and loving heart. Witness it, Rev. Brethren; Dr. Weedall has passed those fifty years and has never made an enemy. With whom did he ever come in contact whom he did not make a friend and a constant friend? Then that eye for the beautiful, that perception for the true, that exquisite taste in literature, that learning of which the Sovereign Pontiff speaks. Justly, my dear friend, you are esteemed the Father of this College; nay, more, as the Father of the Clergy; nay, more, as the Father of Bishops; and

the Right Rev. Prelate at my side is not the only one who is prepared to acknowledge in you that endearing title which you share with Louis of Grenada.

Pius the Ninth is not the only Pontiff, my brethren, who knew the merits of our venerable friend. When our little church was expanded from the number of four to that of eight Vicars Apostolic, we remember, if he does not, that Gregory the Sixteenth set his mind upon him for a mitre. But from that modest and humble estimate of himself, and doubtless from a deep and elevated sense of the Episcopal responsibility, he dared to struggle with the Apostolic will, and when he left that Rome where he at last succeeded in winning his liberty, the great Pontiff said to him, "Now that I know you so well, I will not so easily let you escape a second time."

Half a century since you began your labours in this College! There is a vein of melancholy in the recollection. Would that the fifty years past were fifty years to come! But may God long sustain your spirit, young and fresh as it still is, and may time touch your frame in a manner as gently and kindly as your own. May you find Heaven late, but find it well. In the old monastic rite, the Jubilarian receives his staff to support his declining years. Your spirit still sustains your frame with ease, but may the love and veneration of the clergy of this diocese be your staff of support, and may God within your heart be your consolation.

To Dr. Newman on the publication of his Apologia.

Bishop's House,
June 4, 1866.

My dear Dr. Newman,

It was with warm gratification that after the close of the Synod yesterday, I listened to the address presented to

you by the clergy of the diocese, and to your impressive reply. But I should have been little satisfied with the part of the silent listener, except on the understanding with myself that I also might afterwards express to you my own sentiments in my own way.

We have now been personally acquainted, and much more than acquainted, for nineteen years, during more than sixteen of which we have stood in special relation of duty towards each other. This has been one of the singular blessings which God has given me amongst the cares of the Episcopal office. What my feelings of respect, of confidence, and of affection have been towards you, you know well, nor should I think of expressing them in words. But there is one thing that has struck me in this day of explanation, which you could not, and would not, be disposed to do, and which no one could do so properly or so authentically as I could, and which it seems to me is not altogether uncalled for, if every kind of erroneous impression that some persons have entertained with no better evidence than conjecture is to be removed.

It is difficult to comprehend how in the face of facts, the notion should ever have arisen that during your Catholic life you have been more occupied with your own thoughts than with the service of Religion and the work of the Church. If we take no other work into consideration beyond the written productions which your Catholic pen has given to the world, they are enough for the life's labour of another. There are the Lectures on Anglican Difficulties, the Lectures on Catholicism in England, the great work on the Scope and End of University Education, that on the Office and Work of Universities, the Lectures and Essays on University Subjects, and the two volumes of Sermons; not to speak of your contributions to the Atlantis which you founded, and to other periodicals; then

there are those beautiful offerings to Catholic literature, the Lectures on the Turks, Loss and Gain, and Callista, and, though last not least, the Apologia which is destined to put many ill rumours to rest, and many unprofitable surmises; and yet all these productions represent but a portion of your labour, and that in the second half of your period of public life.

These works have been written in the midst of labour and cares of another kind, and of which the world knows very little. I will specify four of these undertakings, each in a distinct character, and anyone of which would have made a reputation for untiring energy in the practical order.

The first of these undertakings was the establishment of the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri—that great ornament and accession to the force of English Catholicity. Both the London and Birmingham Oratory must look to you as their founder, and as the originator of their characteristic excellence; whilst that of Birmingham has never known any other presidency.

No sooner was this work fairly on foot than you were called by the highest authority to commence another, and one of yet greater magnitude and difficulty, the founding of a University in Ireland. After the Universities had been lost to the Catholics of these Kingdoms for three centuries, everything had to be begun from the beginning; the idea of such an Institution to be inculcated, the plan to be formed that would work, the resources to be gathered, and the staff of Superiors and professors to be brought together. Your name was then the chief point of attraction which brought these elements together. You alone know what difficulties you had to conciliate and what to surmount, before the work reached that state of consistency and promise, which enabled you to return to those

responsibilities in England which you had never laid aside or suspended. And here excuse me if I give expression to a fancy which passed through my mind.

I was lately reading a poem not long published from the MSS. De Rerum Natura, by Neckham, the foster-brother of Richard the Lion-hearted. He quotes an old prophecy attributed to Merlin, and with a sort of wonder, as if recollecting that England owed so much of its literary learning to that country; and the prophecy says that after long years Oxford will pass into Ireland—"Vada boum suo tempore transibunt in Hiberniam." When I read this, I could not but indulge the pleasant fancy that in the days when the Dublin University shall arise in material splendour, an allusion to this prophecy might form a poetic element in the inscription on the pedestal of the statue which commemorates its first Rector.

The original plan of an Oratory did not contemplate any parochial work, but you could not contemplate so many souls in want of pastors without being prompt and ready at the beck of authority to strain all your efforts in coming to their help. And this brings me to the third and the most continuous of those labours to which I have alluded. The Mission in Alcester Street, its church and schools, were the first work of the Birmingham Oratory. After several years of close and hard work, and a considerable call upon the private resources of the Fathers who had established this congregation, it was delivered over to other hands, and the Fathers removed to the district of Edgbaston, where up to that time nothing Catholic had appeared. Then arose under your direction the large Convent of the Oratory, the church expanded by degrees into its present capaciousness, a numerous congregation has gathered and grown into it; poor schools and other pious institutions have grown up in connection with it, and

moreover, equally at your expense and that of your brethren, and, as I have reason to know, at much inconvenience, the Oratory has relieved the other clergy of Birmingham all this while by constantly doing the duty in the poor-house and gaol of Birmingham.

More recently still, the mission and the poor school at Smethwick owe their existence to the Oratory. And all this while the founder and father of these religious works has added to his other solicitudes the toil of frequent preaching, of attendance in the confessional, and other parochial duties.

I have read on this day of its publication the seventh part of the "Apologia," and the touching allusion in it to the devotedness of the Catholic clergy to the poor in seasons of pestilence reminds me that when the cholera raged so dreadfully at Bilston, and the two priests of the town were no longer equal to the number of cases to which they were hurried day and night, I asked you to lend me two fathers to supply the place of other priests whom I wished as a further aid. But you and Father St. John preferred to take the place of danger which I had destined for others, and remained at Bilston till the worst was over.

The fourth work which I would notice is one more widely known. I refer to the school for the education of the higher classes, which at the solicitation of many friends you have founded and attached to the Oratory. Surely after reading this bare enumeration of work done, no man will venture to say that Dr. Newman is leading a comparatively inactive life in the service of the Church.

To spare, my dear Dr. Newman, any further pressure on those feelings with which I have already taken so large a liberty, I will only add one word more for my own satisfaction.

During our long intercourse there is only one subject on which, after the first experience, I have measured my words with some caution, and that has been where questions bearing on ecclesiastical duty have arisen. I found some little caution necessary, because you were always so prompt and ready to go even beyond the slightest intimation of my wish or desires.

That God may bless you with health, life, and all the spiritual good which you desire, you and your brethren of the Oratory, is the earnest prayer now and often of,

My dear Dr. Newman,

Your affectionate friend and faithful servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To the Students of the Ecclesiastical Seminary, on the occasion of his Religious Jubilee, 1873.

Rev. and dearly beloved Sons in Christ,

Among the numerous letters I have received on occasion of my Religious Jubilee, among the many prayers offered for me, and the variety of memorials that have reached me, there was nothing that gave me a truer gratification than your letter. In that letter I recognise the first fruits of that devotion to the episcopal character and office which is amongst the best signs of a real ecclesiastical spirit. Nor am I insensible to that genuine feeling of your hearts, of reverence and love to the Father who has done his best to secure for you, as aspirants to the great office of the priesthood, both fatherly guidance, and intellectual training, and spiritual formation, and such comfort as befits your state. Your prayers for me I value much.

In your good spirit I place full confidence. I look upon you as the *spes altera gregis.* I believe that you quite realize the importance of establishing in yourselves such a spirit of generosity and of sound discipline, that those who follow after you may always be able to appeal to the first students of the Seminary for example. Under the affectionate and wise guidance of your superiors you are founding the traditions of the Seminary; and the day, I trust, will come, when you will look back to your Seminary life with special satisfaction, and will see the fruit in many students of the seeds of ecclesiastical virtue that are now in course of planting in your souls. The day will come, I hope and trust, when S. Bernard's Seminary will be a centre of light to the whole diocese, and when the rays of that spiritual light will reach far and wide through its Missions and Religious Institutions. But this will demand the harmony of will with understanding, of fervour with light, of life with science.

In the course of a few days I shall send you a copy of the Memorial of Gratitude in which the four Jubilarians have addressed the Illustrious Archbishop of Sydney, the father who trained us both in life, science, spirit, and discipline; and in that record of our gratitude you will gain a glimpse of what prepared us to be missioners, and his Grace to be one of the great Missionary Bishops of our time.

I earnestly and humbly pray Almighty God so to bless you and to conduct you that in you the spirit most worthy of his Divine Goodness may be consolidated, and that you may become in your turn a blessing and a light from God to this Diocese.

I remain, dearly beloved Sons in Christ,
Your devoted and affectionate father in our Lord,
+ WILLIAM BERNARD,
Bishop of Birmingham.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Dedication of "The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues."

To the Reverend Mothers and the Sisters of the English Dominican Congregation of St. Catherine of Sienna.

Dear Sisters in Christ,

You will give a hospitable welcome to this book. It is yours by right of origin, yours by right of possession, and yours by right of your prayers for its success. It took its beginning from instructions directed to the formation of your first members, and the light of its principles is already implanted in your minds and hearts.

The holy Bishop of St. Aldhelm, who was the first Englishman, as he tells us, who ever cultivated literature, dedicated his chief work to a conventual circle of "Christ's most holy Virgins;" and he assigns these reasons for thus addressing them: their purity of life, their loyalty to their vows, their concord in religious discipline, and their sagacious pursuit of the sweet wisdom hived in the holy Scriptures. He tells them that he never received their letters without lifting his hands to heaven in gratitude; and that, touched with their devout urbanity, he gave thanks to the King of Heaven, who had given him to behold on earth such daughters of grace and handmaids of Christ. He says that, under the motherly guidance of Hedelitha, those virgins of Christ were well instructed in holy doctrines, and well trained in the exercises of the soul to run their course with energy and skill. For Hedelitha I may substitute the names of Margaret and Imelda, the first venerable mothers of your religious life, now happily with God.

To the motives assigned to his spiritual daughters by St. Aldhelm twelve hundred years ago, for dedicating his book to them, I may add one more. Having watched over your congregation from its cradle, having also co-

operated with its holy foundress in its formation and expansion, I have desired, among the responsibilities of the episcopal office, to complete this book, and to place it in your hands as some token of my paternal affection, as some memorial of my solicitude for your solid instruction, which your filial gratitude may pass on to the generations that come after you.

Next to the God of all condescension, who is the lover of humble souls, to whom but to you should I dedicate this book? So long as your motto expresses your life; so long as you seek GOD ALONE, and find in Him the supreme object of your desires; so long as you are earnest as well in the second object of your life, to draw to God the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering, whom Christ has redeemed; so long will the charity and sweet peace of God be with you, and the fragrance of your cheerful virtues will attract other souls to follow your example. This, my dear Sisters, is the earnest prayer of your devoted Father in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Birmingham, April 10, 1882.

To the Clergy on the death of Canon Estcourt.

Bishop's House, Birmingham,
April 18th, 1884.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I feel it my solemn duty to communicate to you, with my own hand, the departure from this world of the Very Rev. Edgar Edmund Estcourt, and to ask your earnest prayers and the prayers of your congregation for his eternal repose in the light and presence of God.

My affectionate and devoted friend for eight and thirty years, and the devoted servant of the Diocese for six and thirty years, his strong and beautiful character could only

be thoroughly known to those who had the privilege of his intimate friendship; for his gentle and refined spirit was modest and unobtrusive. Full of faith, the eternal truths formed the vital principle of his soul, and the motive of his life. His eye was single, his heart simple, his purity delicate, his piety tender. For many years it pleased God that he should endure the fire of corporal sufferings for his purification, day and night, and those sufferings were many, complicated, and unusually severe; in the midst of which he ever bore himself with a gentle patience and a devoted resignation which struck, not only his friends, but his medical advisers with respect and admiration. Amidst all his sufferings and languors he never relaxed from his arduous duties as temporal administrator of the Diocese, always giving proof of the same assiduity, accuracy, punctuality, skill, and sound judgment that distinguished his more vigorous years. His knowledge of the earlier history of the Old Midland District, his remarkable memory of the most complicated details, the knowledge which he had acquired of property law, and his clear and sagacious judgment made all his steps secure. He never once committed any grave error. What this Diocese owes to his administration, few persons except myself can say. He raised it out of great difficulties, cleared its financial history of many and most serious obscurities, and left its temporal condition greatly improved.

To turn to his personal character; his generosity and charity were of no ordinary kind. Those who only knew him in the dry and formal letter of business, could have no idea of that sympathetic kindness of heart which led him to put himself to any amount of inconvenience and trouble to do an act of kindness, to relieve a distress, or save another's mind from perplexity. For many years

his services to the Diocese were altogether gratuitous, and it was only by entreaty that I could at last induce him to accept what was absolutely necessary for his personal requirements. Such was the good and faithful servant whom God gave us for the service of this Diocese, and for whose generous soul I solicit your prayers. Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him, with Thy saints for ever in eternal peace.

I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,
Your faithful servant in Christ,
+ WILLIAM BERNARD,
Bishop of Birmingham.

On the Devotion of the Rosary.

Birmingham, October 5, 1875.

My Dear Lady Chatterton,

You will find an account of the Rosary in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," vol. x, on the 1st of October—that book of prodigious learning of all sorts, which Gibbon so highly commended for its accurate knowledge. If you have it not, you will find it at the convent—it is in all Catholic libraries.

The principle of the Rosary is very ancient. Beads were used as an instrument of prayer in the East before Christianity. The Fathers of the desert counted their prayers, in some recorded cases, with pebbles. But St. Dominic, at the beginning of the 13th century, gave it its present form. The *Paters* and *Aves*, attached to the beads, are but the body of the prayer; to get at the religious philosophy of the Rosary we must go to its soul. The soul of the Rosary is the meditation. To understand this you must have a little manual of the Rosary, to be

found in most prayer books. There you will see that the Rosary is divided into three parts, and one of these is represented by the material Rosary, or string of beads; one part only being said at one time, as a rule. First is said the Creed and three Our Fathers, represented by the large bead next the cross and the next three beads Then come the mysteries of Our Lord's Life, Sufferings, and Triumph, which are the objects of meditation. The first part is the five joyful mysteries, each put in two or three sentences in the manual to help the mind to its subject. Each of these is thought upon whilst saying one Our Father, holding the large bead, and ten Hail Marys, holding in succession the ten little beads. Then the next mystery is taken in the same way, until the whole circle is completed; after which there is a little prayer. For the five sorrowful mysteries of the Passion, the same round of beads is similarly used on another occasion; and so likewise for the five glorious or triumphant mysteries.

The body of the Rosary is the vocal Our Fathers and Hail Marys; its pith and soul is the meditation. The beads, as they are held in the fingers, give escape to nervous restlessness, and so leave the attention more free. Thus the weakness of a nervous, or restless, or extroverted mind is provided against. Many people can only think freely on a point when in action—walking, for example; their nerves and senses must have employment to free the mind for concentration. The famous preacher who could only find his ideas flow when twisting a thread on his fingers is a case in point; his thread snapped and his thinking stopped. The fingering of the beads and the vocal prayers do this function, disposing and freeing the mind for meditation. Human nature is very complex; and its complexity of activity, which is in the Rosary provided for, is the source of those distractions that arise

when we kneel inactive in body, and repeat customary vocal prayers. A little activity of the hands and a fixed object for reflection to animate our vocal prayer cures much of this distraction. A lady can think over her needle, who cannot think so well sitting still with unused hands.

The Rosary was the book of the unlettered before the ages of printing, which familiarized their hearts with the chief mysteries of the Gospel; it is excellent for two classes—those who like it and those who do not like it. Millions of souls have been made contemplative and internally spiritual, in all classes, by its use, who without it could never have become so. As to those who do not like it because it is childish: I once gave a Rosary to a gentleman of high character, great attainments, and extraordinary shrewdness—a convert. I said: "Say that for three months, and ask me no reason for it; after that you will give me yourself a good reason." He did so, and at the end of it he said: "I understand. You wanted to pull down my pride, to make me simple-hearted and childlike, and to get into the habit of spiritual reflection. I shall never leave it off again."

Some people do not like to take the medicine that would heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense which cures an amazing deal of nonsense. Call it spiritual homœopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it. Many a faddy spirit has been made patient by it. Many a queasy spirit has been made strong by it. Many a distracted spirit has been made recollected by it. "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong."

As to the relative number of Hail Marys, I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the

interrogative of his Protestant fare—that one Our Father is worth ten Hail Marys any day. There is a deeper solution. You will remember in "Ivanhoe" what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero on his bed of pain sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the Hail Marys. Through the pure and tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our human weakness, you behold the life, acts, and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us; whilst we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and Queen, by His Heavenly Throne. Wonderful is the Rosary! For its history see Butler's "Lives of the Saints." I give you its beautiful philosophy, for so St. Jerome calls Christian Wisdom.

Praying our Lord to bless you,

I remain

Your faithful servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

On Ceremonial.

Birmingham,
November 19, 1875.

My dear Lady Chatterton,

Your letter and paper reached me at Liverpool, where I have been preaching in a Benedictine Church, on the Festival of All Saints of the Benedictine Order. On my return I was delayed to profess a Benedictine nun. I send for your amusement a pen and ink portrait of the

sermon and preacher, which only proves how little a man who only sees me once in a pulpit can judge his, I will not say sitter, but stander. As to the timidity of which the portrait-writer speaks, I am afraid it sprang not so much from modest-mindedness as from shivering cold, especially as certain windows of the large Church, being under repair, were not glazed. So now to your paper.

The beginning is very good. When you get to the point of Ceremonial, it may be well to take hold of the general principle—Ceremonial is a language, and the most expressive of languages. Printing is a comparatively modern invention, but in all ages Ceremonial, or the language of action, has entered into the religion of man, and that in all races and religious systems, until we come to the Puritanism of the last two centuries, when the Quakers alone succeeded in throwing off this mode of expression so natural to man. Yet have they succeeded? On the contrary, by their dress, their form of keeping on their hats, their shunning titles, in all their formalism, they have stamped themselves a ceremonial people.

With respect to other forms of Protestantism, it is a question of more or less, proportioned with great accuracy to the greater or less amount of doctrine retained. What is Baptism? What the Communion Service? What the position of the altar or Communion table, on which such a controversy is raging? What is standing, or kneeling, or confirming, or funeral rites, or bowing at the Sacred Name, which S. Paul commands? Or the burying the head in the hand or hat, on first entering a Church and taking a seat or kneeling-place? What is all this but ceremonial? Man cannot express himself without it; and it is always in fact a question, not of the principle, but of more or less in practice. God Himself was the inventor of the Ceremonial of the Old Law, and our

Lord never does anything of importance without some significant action or gesture, which is ceremonial.

Outside of Protestantism, there never was a religion, sect, or creed—Jewish, Christian, or Pagan—of which the centre was not sacrifice; and sacrifice is all action, with words as accompaniment. Nay, what are words but symbols, and symbols with mouth articulated and features moving to express the inward thought or emotion? And what are the printed letters of a Bible but the symbols once removed of those spoken words which the Spirit of God has expressed through the hand and pen of man? Which hands and pens, and the living bodies that moved them, are essentially in their action ceremonials.

In our present compound state, everything must come to us through sense, and both God and man speak to us through human symbols and ceremonials. God has given to us two modes of expressing ourselves, by words and by signs; and the signs are the most vivid language of the two. They compel us to speak with body and soul, and leave not the body inertly to resist the expression of the soul, but to go with it, and give us security that with our whole unresisting being we worship God or declare His Will. Whoever would reject ceremonial must not only stand stock still and refuse to speak, but, to be consistent, must even refuse the features expression, and the lips their movement. I am simply showing the absurdity of professing to reject a principle without the use of which you cannot even express what you would reject.

But the great ceremonial of the Church gathers round the Sacrifice and Communion, of which we have the whole ceremonial type in the Last Supper. What we see with faithful eyes, as Horace tells us, affects us more than what is addressed to the ears. Ceremonial speaks to the soul through the eyes; and in large churches, all can read

with their eyes what only a limited number can hear. Then what a language to those afflicted with deafness! They read the whole progress of the sacred rite with their sight.

Ceremonial is pre-eminently the language for multitudes assembled, whether they can hear or read, or not. Of the two languages given by God to man, and ever used in conjunction by all the races of the earth in His worship (until Protestantism arose to reject the principle, but to retain the practice to a degree), Protestantism has in principle rejected one, and that the most subjugating of body to soul—the language of action or ceremonial. Protestants have forgotten that ceremonial runs through the whole Scripture from Genesis to the Book of Revelations. They have lost sight of the fact that the latter sublime book has for its pictorial framework the array of the Church with its grand ceremonial around the Lamb standing on the altar for ever slain, that is the Christian sacrifice. They forget in religion what Demosthenes says of oratory, that is of expression, that the first, second, and third secret of success is action, action, action. They would bury, if they could, the soul in a dull, stupid, disobedient, lifeless body. This has made the British race of recent ages the half-inanimate mortals that other nations pronounce them to be. But if I had never been able to use my eyes to construe your lively features, expressive lips, and kindly hands in their offer of kindnesses, I should never have read your soul; and if anti-ceremonialists would be consistent, all should be covered as to the face with veils, should hold their arms in tranquillity by their sides, and utter their sense in the purest vowels—the mere breathings of the soul.

I have often regretted that we have not a little dictionary of the sense of ceremonial acts, and have often

threatened to write one, but have not the time. This, of course, is an excursus for your own reading, but you may find out of it a few sentences for your libretto.

By the way, I met a Welsh lady last week just entering the Convent at Stone, who became a Catholic solely through testing the Protestant version of the New Testament by the Greek.

In your final remark on the corruption of priests, I think that, unintentionally, you leave the impression that this may be frequent, from seeming to assume that the Protestant notion of it is correct, but needs vindication. A glance at it again, with its abrupt termination, will show what I mean. Falls are not only few, but rare, as they are in the New Testament. Protestants can have but little notion of the way in which a priest is guarded in his state of life. The long and pious training; the daily recital of the Divine Office, mostly taken from Holy Scripture, and the greater part consisting of the Psalms; the fixed hour of meditation; the use of the Confessional; the strict canonical discipline that surrounds the priest's life; all these are perpetual helps, supports, and guards against human weakness. Then will these good Protestant souls, who are ever talking of grace, be pleased to remark that a vocation to the priesthood implies an extraordinary gift of grace from the Holy Spirit, and that grace, unless much abused, is stronger than nature. Nay, I may add that those reserved manners so offensive to the Protestant mind, are the outcome of that internal self-control and caution become natural, through long training from youth and habit, which, however artificial it may look to those who have no key to it, is the necessary accompaniment of the sacerdotal character. Our Lord said to them *de mundo non estis*, and no one ought, if he be a Christian, to be shocked that their life, and therefore their manners, are not those of the world.

My concluding remark is that a profession of faith cannot be fairly grounded without some reference to the Church as the Divine Institution of Christ, the holder of His authority, and His witness to mankind. The question recently put to Lord Redesdale, but left without a reply, is the true touchstone of faith: "Is the Church of Christ Divine in its authority?" Did the Incarnate Truth establish the authority to last for ever, or like Moses did he point to its fall and reformation? And if so, did He point, as Moses pointed, to some one who should come, some other Divine One who should reform His work as Christ reformed the law of Moses? If so, who is that Divine One? Whence came He? By what signs should we know Him? And has His work become Divine in its authority, whereas the work established by Christ must have failed? There is one Church of Christ, with one truth, taught by one authority, received by all, believed by all within its pale; or there is no security for faith. If we examine our Lord's words and acts, such a Church there is. If we follow the inclinations of our fallen nature, ever averse to the control of authority, we there find the reason why so many who love this world receive not the authority that He planted to endure, like His primal creation, to the end.

It is pleasant to human pride and independence to be a little God, having but oneself for an authority, and a light and a law from oneself to oneself.

But does this, or does it not, contradict the fact that we are dependent beings, and that the Lord He is God? This spirit of independence, with self-sufficiency for its basis and rebellion for its act, is just what Sacred Scripture ascribes to Satan. And as we expect the character of God, and His unquestionable authority, in the work that emanates from God and leads to God, so must

we expect the character of Satan—that is to say, self-sufficiency and independence, in whatever has been inspired by him, and leads in his direction.

But all this is not for your paper, only something about the Church as Christ's witness and authority to man for His truth and His requirements.

Praying our Lord to keep you,

I remain, dear Lady Chatterton,

Ever most sincerely yours,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

II.—Letters on Spiritual Subjects.

On the Feast of St. Bernard, 1854.

My dear Children in Christ,

I thank you much for your affectionate congratulations and good prayers on my Festival. That divine fire and persuasive unction with which the Holy Ghost wrought the works of humility and divine love in the heart of Saint Bernard, attracted me when I first read the lives of Saints at school, and that beautiful analysis of his writings which Butler has appended to his life, used to be my delight. Hence I selected him for my patron in religion. Would that I had kept his spirit more completely before me.

If, my dear children in Christ, God has done anything for you through me, it was because you gave me that child-like confidence which gave me free entrance into your souls. Confidence is perhaps of all others the gift, which, when one has received, one can never repay by any return to those who gave it us. You know, my dear

children in Christ, what a reverence I entertain habitually and actually for the spouses of Christ, and how much I love to see them grow in the perfection of their most beautiful, most holy state. If I feel I have any special mission, it is to them, and if in anything I am intolerant, it is to see anything narrow hearted, selfish, or opposed to generosity in those souls whom our Lord has so especially loved, and been so unboundedly generous and loving to. A holy person who died recently in Ghent, with great fame of sanctity, used to say, it was her peculiar habit and ejaculation to her neighbour; "Remember, God is not your step-father but your father."

I rejoice to see you rejoice in God with a holy freedom as your true, most near and dear Father; and rejoice with confidence in His eternal Son made man to be your spouse; and rejoice with return of love in their Holy Spirit Who dwells in your hearts to work the works of His love.

I accept your offering to the altar at which I offer the adorable sacrifice of eternal mercy and love; to clothe the altar is to clothe Christ.

Praying Almighty God to increase your light and grace, and to perfect their fruits in your hearts.

I remain, my dear children in Christ,

Your faithful servant,

W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To a Religious Community in a Watchmaking Town.

My well beloved children all in Jesus Christ,

May God bless you. May our Lord live amongst you. May His grace shine so clear in you, that like the sun it may overwhelm the rushlight glimmer of your nature. May Mary be in your company, a Mother at every need.

Your good wishes are my pleasure; and your prayers my help. The seniors who were with me from the first, and shared my missionary works, remind me that my consecration was a day of sadness. The younger ones who have not had so many trials congratulate me, and wish me many years. They doubtless mean that length of days which consists not in grey hairs, but in wisdom. In that sense I wish you all to be very old, quite worn out of the flesh, and like young eagles in the spirit, having the wings of the morning, fresh and vigorous in youth and grace, having the blood of life from God, and its fire from His Spirit. That you may not be any more children of men, nor of the flesh, nor of its blood, but make the flesh serve the spirit, a faithful servant, well humbled and chastised and obedient. That your heart may say in very truth, "my flesh shall exult in the living God, and all my bones shall say, Lord, who is like to Thee?"

My dear Sisters, take care of your wills, or rather give them into the care of God. Keep your sense and your feelings, and your fancies in humble subjection to your heart, and let your heart give itself each moment to God. Your body breathes each moment, it is needful for your life. The breathing of the body says, "more air or I faint;" let the soul breathe each moment, "more love, my God, or I grow feeble." What a thing that men should be able to make out of dead metal a clock that ticks the time we lose instant by instant, and we cannot make our living wills breathe as constantly the acts of God's love, though all heaven be helping us, and expecting us to do it. The poor, dead, insensible clock is wound up but once a week, and we are wound up each morning in the hour of prayer. How is this? I fear the winding up is not well done. There is too much reverie,

and too little action; too much head, and too little heart. Less imagining and less reasoning, more aspiration and more spring in the heart; more loving, more action of affection will wind the clock up better. Let the pendulum, not of the tongue but of the heart, repeat more constantly and steadily, "My God, I love Thee! My God, I love Thee! Jesus, Thy love! Jesus, Thy love!" What a rare clock! with a face like an angel's; instead of that prying half-moon, with its eclipses and inconstant beating! Eternity instead of short minutes of time, and angels counting the beats.

Now I can wish you no greater blessing, my dear children, than that you should be such living clocks of eternal love, which you may be, for it is very easy after the first labour of winding up the will. May God bless you.

Your devoted Spiritual Father,
W. B. U.

Birmingham, 1881.

To the Postulants and other Junior Members of a Religious Community.

My dear Postulants, Novices, and Junior Professed,

I thank you for your gift of prayers on my feast, the best gift one soul can offer to another. You are now in your probation for the priceless privilege of religious life. Your souls are being opened that they may be formed and graced with the divine gifts. The spiritual vessels of your souls are being put under the fountain from which flow the waters of life. But in vain is the vessel put under the stream of life, unless the lid be open; and it is opened by humility and expanded by generosity. Without these two virtues the grace of vocation, the free gifts of the Holy Spirit cannot freely work and produce their fruits.

Be humble of heart, be generous in expending yourselves under the law of obedience, and God will give you light and charity. The lamp of the wise virgin is bright with light and burning with charity, but the lamp of the unwise virgin, if she is slothful, is sordid and neglected; if she is dissipated, it is sputtering and scattered; if she is careless, she upsets her lamp; if she is conceited, she brightens the outside of her lamp in a fond and foolish way, but manages the light so awkwardly that in trimming it she puts it out. But be you wise, generous in action, vigilant and watchful in prayer, humble and desiring the better things of charity.

I remain,

Your devoted Father in Christ,

+W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To the same.

Birmingham,
August 22nd, 1883.

My dear Novices,

To you and your worthy mother I offer my thanks for all your prayers offered and promised on occasion of my feast. It is now nearly sixty years since I was a novice, and I still remember those days as the happiest of my life.

Those are the days when under divine influence the soul is opening and fresh grace is flowing in—the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. When the world recedes and God draws near, and the soul is being searched with light, and the whole life is turned round from little to great things, and the whole intention of the will becomes reformed.

All fears become absorbed in the chaste and loving

fear of God. Piety learns to free itself from the animal sensibilities, and becomes hardy and vigorous. Resolution gets strengthened into patience and fortitude. Knowledge enters into faith and becomes a steady well lighted lamp. Counsel comes to us from the wise. Understanding enters into the light of truth which God presents to the mind and wisdom begins to dawn as the best and most desirable of things, to be won at any cost. In short, the Holy Spirit calls and comes and brings His seven gifts to perfect you on a more solid basis.

Happy are the novices who know what God is doing for them within, and their superiors acting from the light of God, and who are faithful in simplicity and obedience to correspond with the loving designs of their heavenly Father. We novices, for I must confess I am yet a novice in the eternal ways, must be fools for Christ's sake, that we may become wise in Christ. Pride of the heart will only yield to childlike folly.

A novice should have no reputation to protect, no character to defend; she has to get rid of all that, that a better character may be formed in her, a simplicity that has nothing to defend but the love of Christ.

Dispositions are more than acts, nay, the very foundation of action, and a simple, straightforward, humble disposition is what God loves and blesses.

May grace keep the heart open and neither resist God's inspirations, nor the will of superiors, and all will come out beautiful and strong.

I pray God to bless you, my dear novices, and to make you foolish to the world and wise to God, and remain,

Your devoted father in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To the same.

Birmingham,
May 8th, 1885.

My dear Novices,

I thank you for your good wishes on occasion of my entering on my eightieth year, but very much more for the many prayers you have promised me. May God reward you. The harvest depends on the seed time, and the novitiate is the seed time of the Religious life, you will be what your novitiate makes you, neither more nor less. You have to be trained to humility and patience.

Humility will open your soul to the divine influence, patience will give you strength and discipline. Get rid of as much of yourself as you can, and in proportion as you get rid of yourself you will be a child of grace. Have no private ends of your own, and you will then be simple-hearted and open. Believe and trust your mistress and then she will be able to form you. If you feel that you are weak and full of failures, that is a good beginning, because it is the beginning of self-knowledge. There is nothing so weak as human nature left to itself. What then can make you strong? What is weak can only be made strong by being joined to what is strong. God is your strength, and His strength is given to you in the shape of patience.

"Be thou, O my soul, subject to God, for from Him is patience."

You can teach nothing without patience. A patient heart makes a patient mind. A patient head makes a a patient tongue. A patient heart makes a patient hand, and so a patient hand makes a patient work.

Every work is perfect in proportion to the amount of patience put into it. This is that custody of the heart

of which our Lord says, "In your patience you shall possess your soul." Love of God expands the soul, patience regulates the love of God, and makes it wise and strong. So, my dear novices, I commend to you, as the principle of all religious training, humility and patience. Humility, to be subject to God. Patience, to adhere to God.

I pray God to bless you with these gifts, and to make your wills conformable to your graces, and remain,

Your devoted father in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To three Nuns setting sail for Australia in 1855.

I sincerely regret that I cannot see you before your departure, but I will say Mass for your welfare on Saturday morning next, and will keep you in mind and in my heart.

How all this reminds me of my own departure, as a young and solitary priest many years ago, in the first fervour of the priesthood, when there were but four priests throughout that vast Australia. Under what changed circumstances, and under what different auspices you are going to that same region.

My dear Sisters, God will be with you, and on the great broad deep on which you embark, your minds will be lifted up to the Eternal God who presides over its unchangeable, yet most changeful fluctuations. Nothing in this world so fills the soul with the sense of eternity as to sail upon that ocean, day after day, and month after month. Nothing so strikingly impresses on us His all-pervading Providence and care of us, like that long-felt dependence on a little trembling needle of electric steel.

I always recommended to those who crossed the great waters to be devout for those souls who have perished

beneath them, and perhaps few think of them, though they are many. Then under that interminable girdle of sky and water, one feels so little and so dependent. It is difficult not to increase devotion at sea. And then you will enter into a new world, on a new land, under whose brilliant sky you will have to begin life anew, cut off from all old associations; and it is almost like what so many people wish, to begin childhood again, with the advantage of an experience of life and of our nature matured. Alas! you may say, if it could be all renewed. Well, the sacrifice made will do much towards this result. An entire sacrifice of ourselves for the love of God, and the very sundering of so many bonds, brings with it the grace of that renewal of life; you are all the more for God as you have made yourselves less for every endeared creature. It is a sort of spiritual martyrdom. And so, my dear Sisters, go forth in peace. God is with you, and may He bless you. May He enlighten your paths, and dwell in you, and give you a great sense of His presence. May He bless your coming to the new home He has called you to enter, and make your works fruitful. And may He give many spiritual children to your prayers. From the two ends of the world the daughters of St. Mary's will chant their love to their heavenly Spouse, and may He fill up the interval between their choirs with the breath of His mercy, and reunite them there where they will always find each other, in His own almighty and most paternal heart. Then He will give you the great and final reunion, the sweeter for ever for your brief separation.

When you tread that ground I have so often trodden, pray for me.

Your devoted spiritual father,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To one under exterior trial.

. . . . We both have our perplexities of one kind or another. But they will humble us and do us good. The only way through troubles is to keep calm and act to the best before God; leave results to His Providence, and all will come out well . . It is in the ordinary course of the Providence of Grace, that where great progress is being made in any work destined to be solid, purging trials should be added. It is the will of God that you should approach new undertakings with sufferings and sorrow. The door to them is made of the wood of the Cross. But is not this the way of Christ our Lord? Have the Saints ever done much for God without fearful sufferings? Our Lord left them two things—His path of suffering and His peace. Souls cannot be brought to God, or religion planted, unless the instrument suffer. . . . .

. . . In this world, we cannot have things perfect as we see the model in our mind. For the model is the light of God, and the poor copies are mortal and of frail materials. Even a potter has ideas of vessels far more perfect than he can make them, for the idea is in his spirit, and he has to work it out with mortal hands in dull clay. And so we must not be anxious if we cannot get things or persons perfect beyond a certain limit. It is the clay and the mortality that slips us at that point—and souls especially require time.

Strength of Character.

All strength of mind is in the truth of God, and all strength of heart in the charity of God. Think of Him and love Him, and you will be strong with a double strength. Mind, I do not say you will be strong in yourself—quite the contrary. A *strong-minded* woman is a

mind that is as cold and stark as a piece of iron; brittle nevertheless, and breaking down in places not expected. And we all know what a *wilful* woman having her own way is. True strength is a most subtle force, neither stiff nor unbending, nor unyielding; nay it is wonderfully responsive to God, and pliant to all His ways. And in proportion as we enter into the truth and love of God, which are nothing else but God Himself imparted to us in the form of grace, the stronger we are in God and not in ourselves. Our Lord cared nothing at all about having any human strength in Him; He was content with His divine strength. He might be strong; He chooses to be weak that we may understand what a weak thing human nature is at its best, and to show that all God's work may be done as well without human strength as with it. He might have legions to fight for Him, but He prefers letting the world deal with Him as it chooses. For all the strength of God is perfected and glorified in human weakness.

To a young lady entering her Novitiate.

Birmingham,
April 4th, 1872.

My dear Child,

You are going to your probation. Three principles will carry you safely through if God has given you the unspeakable blessing of a vocation. These are, First, do your best at whatever you are doing at the time: giving your whole mind to it. Second, be very open with your Superiors. Third, be generous of yourself in carrying out the law of obedience.

These three things will make you free, peaceful, and happy. As to the second point, never let anything brood on your mind, but out with it to whom it concerns to put you right. You will have an excellent Novice Mistress,

and if you give her your heart she will do a good deal with it. Thank God you are going to an old Order, and to a well disciplined community, where so much unity and love reigns.

God bless you, my dear child, and may Our Lord live in your heart and guide you to sanctity.

Ever your ——,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To another Lady entering her Novitiate.

A wise old Abbot says—"Entering into the Order is not much unless the spirit of the Order enters into you;" and the way to secure this is to ponder much upon the spiritual sentences of the Rule, making practice their comment. For those principles which they express are like to eyes which, set in your mind, give you a changed view of everything; and they are like sparks of new fire, which enkindle a desire to be formed of them. The religious vocation is a second conversion, as you will have already found. The first brought you to the Church; the second brings you into yourself face to face with the grace of those principles; and by turning the whole soul from the outward to the inward world, realizes that conversion of manners which finds the loss of the world's multiplicities so richly compensated in that high nourishment of the soul in the one pure light and grace of Christ, the one fountal source of all spiritual life to us mortals. The Rule is the law of life by which Christ Himself lived, and the more you live in it, and let it imbue your heart, the more will you have the sense and possession of our Lord Himself.

Praying Our Lord to imbue your heart with the recollection, humility, and unction of the Rule, that is, with the spirit of His Divine Heart.

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

A New Year's Greeting.

Birmingham, Jan. 5, 1865.

My dear Sisters in Christ,

I must not pass this holy time without a word to let you know that you live in my mind; if I do not say in my heart, I suppose it is because I have not very much of that organ. With all that remains of it, I wish you a happy year, and good progress of soul. How time does run as one grows old, and how the years seem to tread on each other, and how fast everybody is dying off! . . . . Surely time cannot be that long and tedious thing which people make it out, and we shall all soon see the end of it.

Sooner or later, says Lacordaire, we all come to think chiefly about souls. We get to see that they are the only things that endure, or have life to care for; and when we once get to think mainly of souls, then we come mainly to think of God. Well, my dear Sisters, so you turn to take account of the past year. When a tradesman takes his annual stock, it is to see how much money he has made; when a religious does so, it is to see how much prayer he has made, for what money represents in commerce, prayer represents in religion; it is representative of grace, of humility, of charity, of devotion. It is the fountain of all; it buys for us everything; it gives us humility, charity, God. It lifts us above time and makes us careless of its inroads. Religion is that commerce which turns time even into prayer, and so I leave you to your own conclusions. If you wish to have God for your teacher and master, and to get above the miseries of time, you have prayer. And now may God bless you with the peace of prayer that you may have all else.

Your devoted spiritual Father,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

For All Saints' Day.

Birmingham,
October 31st, 1849.

My dearest Sisters in Christ,

A happy Feast to you all! The Church sings to-day of "how many sufferings have all the Saints gone through that they may possess the Kingdom of God." This strange world with its mysteries of wickedness and trouble is all directed and guided to make a "few" Saints. This is the explanation of the mystery of this world. So many sorrows, so much hunger and cold, and danger, and strife, and hatred, and cunning, and fear, and scheming, is all for this alone, that the children of the Kingdom may come out of this furnace bright and unhurt, and clothed with merit. Very humble and simple-hearted children of God can alone clearly understand this mystery in practice; and they must practise a great deal in the faith of obedience before they can take in such a light as this truth, to shine anything like the constant guiding lamp in their souls.

When the grape is bruised and crushed, it gives out wine; when the olive is pressed, it gives out oil; when Christ was so treated, He gave out His blood; when the body, it gives forth obedience; when the soul, it gives forth humility, and the heart conceives charity like wine, and meekness like running oil.

May the Blood of Our Lord from the press of His Passion fill your heart with patience. May the Saints all ask a blessing for you, and obtain you all a place in their number.

Your affectionate Father in Christ,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

III.—Letters on the Social and Political Aspect of Affairs.

Addressed to Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle, Esq.

Hinckley, April 6th, 1850.

. . . . In France they are struggling to get out of a dungeon and must take all they can get, in England the point is not to get into one. I fear that our *ideal* of a Christian state must long remain unrealised. Monarchy is everywhere coming down, and even that state, both under the old and new law, showed the holy monarchs as exceptions to the ordinary course. Our representative states are come down more and more into the hands of mere natural men. And so long as this downward course continues, the freedom of the church and of the family, each in its own castle, are the only conservative elements, whether of maxims or ideas. The devil's grand attack is now at the family, which overthrown, there is no resting ground for the Church's freedom.

The factory system is in our own country the great *subversor* of the family, making children at an early age independent of their parents. Add to this the socialist doctrines which systematise this fearful fact of our great towns, and crown all this by a State education, and England is gone. I have much more to say in all this matter, should occasion call for it. It is my experience of the people in factory towns which has opened my eyes on this subject.

We are hastening on all sides to an epoch when Catholicism and infidelity will stand front to front with but few intermediate elements.

Birmingham,
October 3rd, 1853.

I thank you for the sight of Abbé Gaume's letter. The one by Cortes is very remarkable; but I think, though not overcharged with gloom if we take one side of the picture, the state of the world, yet in the Church there is certainly much going on fraught with hope for the future, and not without present consolation.

A grand conflict is undoubtedly coming on, but the Church is preparing also for some great part; in what shape, does not to my feeble sight precisely appear. A great outburst revealing the world to be thoroughly pagan would settle the question of paganism as within the Church. The question is debating within her borders, and a catastrophe would act upon the controversy like a revelation. Who can doubt but that if we then had reached our present point in the argument, that appalling event, the French Revolution, and the principles on which it ran, coming upon prepared eyes, would have given a due sense of the essential action which paganism (that is, corrupted and unredeemed nature) must exercise upon human souls as upon human society.

For what is this paganism against which we contend, but fallen nature and its corruption worked into subtle refinements of form, and made more winning and dangerous by being allied to beauty than if left to its intrinsic grossness, whether we speak of art or literature? The devil uses God's beautiful forms, beautiful in themselves, and as allied by Him with innocence and beautiful harmonies, to clothe the pollution of pride as well as the putridity of sensualism, so to steal them into the soul.

The most important point in this controversy seems to me to be most lost sight of by both parties in the conflict. The question of impurity is dwelt on. The pagan

side reply triumphantly, how small a portion of the classics is impure. It should then be much dwelt upon that the whole spirit of the classics is the spirit of pride —the foulest of all spirits, as the most subtle and insinuating from its remarkable delicacy, under its classic forms of expression. This is the true root of the controversy. In them man is everything, especially the cultivated man. God is nothing to him; grace has no existence. Hero-worship is the sole religion. It is nonsense to say that we may imbibe beautiful forms without the substance of things in which they inhere. Corruption attracts corruption, as earth attracts earth. And there is more in us of corruption to assimilate corruption than of the sense of beauty in form to attract and separate beauty of form.

It is the pagan heart with its self-dependence and self-idolization, and its refusing to have God in its knowledge, which presents to us in the classical school, both of literature and art, the antagonism most dangerous to the Christian spirit in the souls of the many who so early fall under its dominion and so deeply imbibe its proud breathings.

Whilst I thus dwell on the substance, do I concede the question of form? By no means. In all created things form is greater than substance; for it rules and determines both its character and its influence. It is that by which alone we apprehend it. Take the finest forms cast in the mould of a pagan mind and expressed by pen or pencil. It is a form of pride, or a form of sensualism, a conception of a Godless heart. It has no grace, no unction of God in it. And what is called grace, beauty, and even divinity, on close examination, will be found by the eye of a chaste and humble Christian to be but the pose of a poor mortal mistaking himself for a God, yet but too transparently however delicately, revealing the

passions of a mortal without the qualification of that grace and faith which in the lowest and most unrefined of Christians reveals the hope of future union with Divinity.

It is nonsense, I affirm, to say that a youth may drink in for seven years, day by day, hour by hour, the most delicate essence and aroma of human pride, the growth of hearts in which there was no God recognized, and most certainly no faith, in which there was the most dreadful pride and the most diabolical sensualism; it is rank nonsense, I say, to affirm that a youth, himself by nature inclined to pride and with the root of it in his soul, imbibes not the spirit of pride in such a process. Pride is the prime essence of paganism, and its politics are rebellion or conquest.

Birmingham, January 19th, 1858.

Sorrow is chastening for the spirit as for the hearty and humble Christian; and our Lord has given you a portion of his own affliction. No devout Christian was ever a loser by his trials and sorrows.

I will say my Mass for your departed son on Saturday next.

It is a real gratification to hear that his Holiness has marked his appreciation of Monsignor Gaume.

I was half tempted to take the Rambler in hand again for its last silly article on the Plain Chant. But it was really so silly and self-contradictory that I have left it alone and reserved myself for some better occasion. Meanwhile I am glad to observe that the correspondence to which it has given rise is more moderate and reasonable than it used to be. I hear that Dr. Manning has adopted the chant in his church on the score of its being cheaper and more manageable than music.

Your remarks on the antichristian spirit of the temporal governors of the world are but too sadly true.

I read the newspapers with a daily sense of misery. The light shines in darkness, and the darkness comprehends it not. One thing, however, seems clear: God is using England as His mallet to break up the unchristian systems of the East, as he used the Goths to break up the pagan system of Rome.

Disruption is going on all through the world, and I cannot but think that the Church is preparing new elements for a renewed action on a future order of things.

On Thursday I had the pleasure of professing the first nun in Oxford, in the public chapel.

Birmingham, Oct. 27, 1859.

The social world is in an extraordinary state of unrest, and when the ruling powers applaud rebellion as the sanatory principle of the age, what can we expect from the multitude? All the principles of order are being broken up in the name of order.

Great scourges and humiliations must precede whatever great mercies may be in store for the race of men. The position of the Episcopacy of France is to me a sign of vitality, such as that country has not exhibited for many a day. And Napoleon is simply driving out of them the last remains of Gallicanism and forcing them on the Pope. Italy must have its purgation, and I fear it will be a terrible one.

What a spectacle is our own country, half shut out of continental politics, with its bragging press, and its ill-disguised uncertainties and apprehensions of future calamity.

It is a time, if ever, for all good men to adhere to God, Who alone has the key of affairs.

Birmingham, April 14th, 1860.

. . . With one point in that letter I can entirely agree, that the Church is punished for the sins of clergy and people. Yet do I think that mercy will come out of those punishments, and that the Church will be invigorated through her humiliation. The Church as a whole is certainly shewing a spirit far higher and more devoted than in the days of the first revolution. And the sympathy shewn in such unmistakeable ways in so many countries for the cause of the Holy See is a hopeful sign, and shews that her children, and especially the Episcopacy are not dead or indifferent. Nay, the elements of a new chivalry are shewing themselves in illustrious laymen. And it is a sublime spectacle amidst the miseries of witnessing so complete an abandonment of all principles, religious, moral, and political, amidst the statesmen of Europe, to see the firm high stand, the lofty principles, and heroic confidence in God, which the Pope evinces. I accept as the expression of my individual sentiments what the Pope said some time ago in a private audience—"I am neither an optimist nor a pessimist; there will be more trouble, but I am satisfied with the situation."

If you will allow me to say so, I think and have long thought, with many great men, and amongst others, with Alban Butler, two of whose MSS. letters I recently read on the subject, that nothing is more unsafe than to apply unfulfilled prophecies to passing events.

Even Gregory the Great and other learned and distinguished Fathers and Saints have thus been led to mistaken views of facts that were incompletely developed.

That the troubles of Italy are only in their commencement, I feel pretty certain, but I should be more inclined to tremble for the King of Piedmont than for the Pope. That Napoleon is preparing troubles for many nations,

I suppose no one doubts. Yet God only knows how all is to end in a few years. What I feel it my duty to do is to stand by the Pope, as I conceive it is his duty to hold by the deposit of temporal possessions received from his predecessors, and not to yield up to usurpers what they cannot take from him without great iniquity. It is one of our miseries that we have no journal which can procure authentic information of the acts of the Church's enemies. And the spirit of lying has entered into their very bones, and is pursued like a science, upon a system.

July 30th, 1860.

Indeed we live in awful times, but I think one of the most awful things in this country just now is the spirit of downright and unblushing infidelity that is boldly manifesting itself in the Anglican Church.

Have you seen the Vol. of Reviews and Essays, published by Parker? The worst infidelity of France under Louis the 15th is there put forth by six beneficed clergymen, all Oxford men.

They simply deny the intervention of God in the Creation; reject Creation itself, make the Bible a congeries of fictions, and reduce all truth to the inward testimony of each man's conscience. The book is a hideous nightmare, and it has produced no sensation and is now in its second edition. A greater proof of the deadness of Anglican authorities there could not be. To what is this nation coming? One of the authors is Master of Rugby, another is the Savellian Professor, a third is Professor of Scripture at Lampeter College, and the others hold benefices.

Birmingham,
November 2nd, 1860.

When I saw the demise of your dear daughter announced, I immediately said Mass for her, and I sincerely condoled with you and Mrs. Phillipps on your loss. I remember that dear gentle child very well. I also had to close the eyes of my dear and venerable mother about that time, and have learnt what it is to have no one to look up to with a child's veneration in this world.

What may be the result of the present complicities that surround the Holy See God alone knows. I am well persuaded that what is passing is working for some great future result, and some great present purification. The iniquities of the world were never more palpable or instructive: and the abandonment of all laws, human and divine, by the powers of the world, never so unblushing and shameless at any period of history. The seeds of revolution and rebellion are sown broadcast by rulers, in rivalry with the press and the secret societies. We are living beneath a deluge. But, to my thinking, the Emperor of France is the man over whose machinations posterity will have to grieve, and whose dark deeds history will have to record in the darkest colours.

IV.—Letters of Condolence on various occasions.

On the death of Bernard Phillipps, by accident on the ice, January 11th, 1856.

Bishop's House,
January 19th, 1856.

Dear Mr. Phillipps,

. . . . It was only two days ago that I saw in the *Times* newspaper what a severe affliction had visited you and Mrs. Phillipps. And I should have written to express my condolence if I had not received your letter.

Bernard was a child of so much promise. But our Heavenly Father, without Whose permission not a hair of our head can be touched, has His own ways of showing love and mercy, which it is not easy for us to see when the visitation is upon us, though I know with how firm a faith you will adhere to the ordination of His supreme will. And His Holy Spirit breathing wisdom through the Divine Word has given us the motive on which our Heavenly Father acts in a trial like this:—"He was hurried away in his innocence, lest malice should obscure his understanding, or deception should deceive his heart."

We cannot say he is dead. Oh! no. But he has begun his eternal life, and begun it with the freshness and bloom of his innocence all upon him. What would we give to pass into that life unscarred by carking cares, untouched of the world, unblighted by the passions and sins of the developed man, in whom the strength of corruption fights so hotly against the inspirations and attractions of the Divine grace.

A part of yourselves has gone before you into eternal life. He must and does draw so much of your affections

in the same Divine direction. Your conversation, to use the words of St. Paul, must be so far, and that is a great way, in heaven. God's love for the survivors is shown in His love for the departed, who is not departed from God, but from this world to God; who has not departed from you, for God is with you, and he is with God; and when you seek him, you find God also, and when you seek God, you find him also. And thus whilst the old stock of nature is suffering from the bleeding wound at which the tender branch is rent away, the spiritual man is consoled, and reverently and lovingly finds anew in God, safe with Him and eternally secure, that loving child, a thousand times more loving his parents, whom the eye of nature looks for in vain.

Whilst, then, I condole with you, my dear friends, in the order of nature, I comfort myself in the order of grace. And I know that you will offer and have offered to God that sacrifice of resignation, which is the most pleasing to the spirit departed, and to the God who has accepted him.

Sincerely wishing you, Mrs. Phillipps and family, the blessing of a year of grace and prosperity, I remain, dear Mr. Phillipps,

Ever your obliged and devoted servant,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

On the death of Everard de Lisle Phillipps, who had won the Victoria Cross at the age of twenty-two, and was killed at the siege of Delhi, September 17th, 1857.

The Priory, Little Malvern,
Nov. 19th, 1857.

Dear Mr. Lisle Phillipps,

The newspapers have informed me of the great affliction which has fallen on you and Mrs. Phillipps in the loss of

your dear and noble-hearted son. I can say nothing to you, my dear friends, which God has not already said to your hearts at this moment of solemn visitation. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He died in his duty; and whilst his heart retained its youthful generosity, and the early impress of piety; he had not yet lived to reach those positions in public life in which the soul is so often warped away from its simplicity.

Walking these hills, where I am at present for my health, I have said more than one *de profundis* for his soul, and if I have not yet said mass for him, I shall not delay what lies on me like a duty until it be fulfilled.

I pray God to give you the grace of strength and of divine love in this and all your trials, and wishing you and all your family the blessing of God,

I remain, dear Mr. Phillipps,

Your devoted servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To a father who had lost his son.

Jan. 5th, 1865.

Although all your friends will feel for you as well as myself, and none more than I do, yet for your child one can only be thankful for his deliverance. He has had a martyrdom of purification to send the desires of his young heart before him, and then he went. An innocent life terminated with no other passion than that of suffering sanctified, and an exit amidst the prayers of Christ's spouses, with all supernatural helps, is a sublime gain, even if that life was not longer than that of St. Agnes. I recently said to M. P. on the subject of this very child, that the older I grow, the more clearly I see that what we

have more than anything else to thank God for in this world is to see anyone, at whatever age, go in happy faith and charity out of it; for that is the one end for which we came into it, and, when the true end of mortal life is well accomplished, God is to be very much praised. . . . . .

I remain your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To a religious community on the death of their Prioress.

March 5th, 1868.

May she rest in peace. A great loss; a great gain; a loss for you irreparable, a gain for that large soul unspeakable; and yet, in one sense, a gain for you, to have one with God who can never live anywhere without always doing what she can to save her children's souls.

On the death of Osmund de Lisle, Oct. 17th, 1869.

Birmingham, Nov. 5th, 1869.

My dear Mr. de Lisle,

. . . . Your great loss, and what you and Mrs. de Lisle must have been feeling, have frequently run in my mind. Yet what a consolation you have in having sent this saintly boy to heaven. For if there was a pure, innocent, and holy youth in this world, it was your son Osmund. It was not the negative, but the positive virtues and marks of holiness that so much endeared him. He was given to prayer and to devotion, to meekness and to gentleness, to duty and to loyalty, in a way that I never saw exemplified before in one of his age, nor did the critical period of youthful life, where it merges into manhood, disturb the serenity of his heart, which always appeared to rest on God for its vital strength and repose.

You are a happy father to have such children in heaven, with such children on earth to imitate them. And when it is God who tries you, it is God who will repair the breaches made in the probation.

I leave for Rome on the 16th, having to wait for a public meeting on the Education question, on the 15th inst.

I thank you for your good wishes. All the faithful help the Council by their prayers, and surely never did a Council begin under better auspices. I firmly believe that the practical sense of the Bishops will inspire moderation in our councils, and that the tendencies of the age will have all our consideration. In other words, that prudence will show its force in whatever is decreed.

With kindest regards, and most sincere sympathy both to Mrs. de Lisle and yourself,

I remain, dear Mr. de Lisle,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

On the death of Lady Chatterton, to her husband.

Birmingham,
February 7, 1876.

My dear Mr. Dering,

I was unwilling to obtrude upon your first pains after the wound of separation. But now as your Bishop and your affectionate friend I venture to do so. You know that from the time of our acquaintance I had a true regard for, and have taken a genuine interest in your departed companion. You know likewise that what I am now writing comes from both heart and head. Notwithstanding the desolation that comes upon such a privation, and that so sudden, you have much to console you and for which to thank God.

I know what your solicitude has been, and your prayers for her conversion. And God has answered them. You know what an accumulated load of early and acquired predjudice she had to throw from off her naturally simple and single mind, what quantities of the scales of false knowledge she had to detach from her, and what importunities of assiduous friends she had to repel. Well, God enabled her to do all that, and with agonized efforts to bring her mind and heart to the Church and to God. Her state of soul must be measured by all the intellectual and moral ligatures from which she had to break, and by all the habits of life she had to reverse, and that in her suffering state of health.

You cannot but be conscious that God has employed you as His chief instrument to bring about her union with the Church of the Saints. She spoke freely to me on that point, and with great simplicity and fervour of affection.

We are not to judge her as if she had been a trained Catholic. God visited her—she opened her heart; grace entered into it, and she strove on towards greater light, and practice of the Catholic faith, which had become sealed in her soul. When I last came over to Baddesley, it was, to say now the truth (though I made another excuse at the time) principally to see how she was progressing—hoping to help her if needed. I then saw that she had broken her shyness about the outward expression of her faith, and was hearty in it—and I was satisfied. I saw that all was coming by degrees from the interior to the exterior, and that when on parting from her in the carriage on my previous visit, she sent for me back, expressed to me her gratitude, knelt down and asked my blessing, and I made a cross on her brow with my finger, a shell had been broken.

She had a strong feeling that she would die this year—

are not such impressions such as guardian angels make? She was therefore weaning herself from her old world, and looking forward. Her asking for the Rosary was as complete an act of Catholic faith as could be made; it placed her departure under our Blessed Mother's protection, and she received the unction of Christ's death in the last of His Divine Sacraments.

How kind and how charitable she was! and how her heart was set after her conversion on benefiting religion! That you know best, but it is worthy to be recalled.

I think from me all this will give you consolation. May her dear soul rest in that light and peace of God for which she craved, and which God gives to all His children who seek Him with desire.

Always your affectionate friend,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To Lady Catherine Berkeley, on the death of her uncle.

Birmingham,
August 10th, 1876.

Dear Lady Catherine,

I have not forgotten your pious uncle, who has so happily run his course. When the end of life is well-gained, there is every ground for congratulation. The "praise after life, the exultation after reaching port" of Chrysostom, is here justly due. Such souls, who have taken an interest in us in life, are not lost to us, but come nearer to us, and are better understood, and help us better in their state of freedom, being of those "just made perfect," of whom St. Paul says, that to them we are already come, their spirits being nearer us than in the mortal life.

To the same, on the death of her daughter, Lady Campden.

Birmingham,
December 26th, 1877.

Dear Lady Catherine,

It is so very kind on your part to remember me on all occasions. I was glad to have the photograph of your dear, holy, innocent child. Often have I thought of Mother Margaret's very special interest in her, and feel the conviction that she could do something for her, and I still believe that she did exercise an influence for her sanctification.

Such an unexpected departure from this world, so young, and untouched of the world, does seem to nature, and singularly to maternal nature, a reversing of the order of things, and the wound of separation, where love is intense, is very keen. But then, and after all, what is the whole object of this short life but preparation? and when preparation is completed, what good of life is so great or crowning as to end the probation well, and to obtain eternal life?

Then what a thing it is to have passed out of this world untouched by its sordidness and meanness; never, for ever, to have known in real, personal experience, of its vile contaminations! If there was ever a child of Adam who carried innocence in her face, it was Augusta, and carried it unchanged through her short married life.

I am sure, as I am of anything, that dear Mother Margaret, who suffered so much and so long for so many souls, prayed very much for that child, and that there has been a blessed meeting.

I pray God to bless you, Mr. Berkeley, and all your good children with the abundant blessings of this holy time, remaining always

Yours very faithfully,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To Mrs. de Lisle during the last illness of her husband.

Birmingham,
Feb. 10th, 1878.

My dear Mrs. de Lisle,

I thank you for letting me know how Mr. de Lisle is progressing. Dr. Northcote sent me Edwin's letter, which gave a sad account of his state. I have said two masses for him, have asked several convents to pray, and remember him daily. A man of faith and charity grows rich on suffering, and deepens all his spiritual powers by greater detachment, and greater nearness to God. For the poor mortal curtain thins; and the insight into the eternal things so close to us is both clearer and firmer, even though one cannot always be without the distraction of mortal pain and weakness. But somehow all that is working detachment.

I send my dear good friend my best wishes and blessing, and hope you do not wear yourself to infirmity, having so great a charge upon you. I pray God to bless you and all your family and remain,

My dear Mrs. de Lisle,
Always your very faithful servant and friend,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To the same on the death of her husband.

Birmingham, March 11, 1878.

Dear Mrs. de Lisle,

I said mass for the soul of your dear departed husband on Saturday. After his long sufferings he has gone to his rest. He did a great work in his day, and did it with a simple and pure heart. One must look back to his earliest days to see how religion took hold of him, and how family position and all else in the world were as

nothing in his eyes when he heard in his soul the call of God. One must remember his early days when he threw himself with childlike fervour into the work of restoring monasticism, and of boldly bringing the Catholic religion into open view, at a time when others had not the courage or generosity of these things. One must remember what his example did in setting others to work to lift up the prostrate condition of the Faith in this land. One must recall the influence he exercised on the Oxford men at the time of the Tractarian movement. One must recall the days when Dr. Gentili was his co-operator in evangelising the people, a work that fitted that remarkable man for breaking through the old and timid condition of missionary work, in his wonderful career as a missioner in all the Churches. One must look at Mount St. Bernard as well as Grace Dieu, at Loughborough, at Shepshed, at Whitwick, before we come to Garendon. One must recall his love of the chant, that solemn song of the Church, and his popularising St. Elizabeth among us.

Through discouragement and failures and successes he went on the same from the beginning to the end. I know something of his sacrifices, and something of the difficulties that come upon sacrifices, to give life the taste of trial. I know also the blessing he found in his marriage, and how grateful he ever was for that blessing; the happiness he had in his family, and to whom next to God he ascribed it. My dear Mrs. de Lisle, I know what you have lost, and I know what a brave heart you have. But such a union as yours, however holy, is not visibly broken without a great laceration of nature, and God alone can heal such wounds. Your happiness is to know that he lived for God, and for religion before all things, and that God has care of His own. You know also that spirits which love each other are even more united when bodies

are separated, and that they even know each other better, and in a more beautiful light; that there is, in fact, no separation with such spirits, which are always in God. What after all is the object of this life but to end it well? And when it is well ended, and the eternal life well begun, what a subject is there for thanksgiving. To all the members of your family as to yourself, I offer the respectful and reverential condolence that exists in my heart, and I pray God to bless you and to strengthen you, and to console you and all your children. Thus I remain, dear Mrs. de Lisle,

Your very faithful servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

On the death of the Second Provincial of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Dominic, to one of her near relatives.

Oscott,
October 16th, 1881.

My dear ——,

The unexpected departure of dear Mother Provincial will be a great blow to you, as it is to me; although I am resigned at every point, and would not for a moment have delayed her happiness, yet it has taken strong hold of me. What must it be to you, to whom she was, and is, so very dear. I much regret that I cannot with any prudence go to Stone in this very cold weather, and have consequently requested Bishop Ilsley to preside at the Requiem; on what day I do not yet know. The Sisters throughout the Congregation will be overwhelmed at the loss of one who has done so much for them, and been so much to them. I have addressed to them a general letter. I have directed the body to be placed side

by side that of Mother Margaret; for besides their great love for each other, besides her having carried on the work so perfectly since the other's departure, I look upon them as jointly the founders of the Congregation, and I know that the feelings of the Sisters will be my own in this matter.

Cardinal Newman in a note to me, in which he calls this news overwhelming, says truly—"Dear Sister Imelda has earned her release from long service, but it is hard for her children." She was the most just and beautiful character I ever knew, and so completely effaced herself in all she did, and left much in the souls of the Sisters which no one else could have placed there. Her dear image is before me wherever I turn, and my eyes moisten with tears, yet I am content with her departure and would not have it otherwise. God will provide. It would be idle of me to talk of sympathy to one who feels as I do, or to suggest to you what is already in your mind, heart, and resignation.

I pray God to bless you and console you, and remain,

My dear ——,

Yours most affectionately,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To a Lady on the same occasion.

St. Mary's, Oscott,
October 17th, 1881.

To you as to an intimate friend I write on occasion of a great loss and a great gain which has followed my golden jubilee. You will remember in the life of Mother Margaret how often it speaks of the one whom she was training to succeed her; that most beautiful soul went up to heaven last Friday, and her pure body was placed side

by side with Mother Margaret's this day, where she knelt so often, and so often kissed the tomb where that great soul has her body laid. Before she left Stone for ever, some three weeks ago, she said to the Sisters one by one in private, "After all the graces we have received in the Bishop's retreat and the General's visitation, some great cross I feel is coming to you, I know not what; but be very faithful." A week before she left to visit her house in Devonshire, quite in health, she took Mother Prioress to the Cemetery and showed her the place where she wished to be laid. She is the Mother Provincial. At St. Mary's Convent in Devonshire, she was taken ill of inflammation of the lungs and died in few days as sweetly as she had lived.

Her character is perfectly drawn in the few following lines, written to me by the Mother Prioress of Stone, the well known authoress, from the side of her body after she had expired. "I can but thank God for suffering me for these many years to have known a heart whose purity, justice, self-sacrifice, and tenderness surpasses all I could have guessed of as possible. Never during the thirty years I have enjoyed her intimate confidence, have I known our Mother to act save from principle. It was an angelic soul, and no wonder her devotion to the holy angels was so intense and familiar."

Had you ever seen her, you would have been struck with her spiritual beauty and sweetness. Yet the gentleness of her modest demeanour covered a man's mind, and a man's learning and judgment. She never spoke of herself, not even to me, except in the confessional. But once she told me (she was a convert after 30), that from her 14th year until she entered religion at about 33, she had suffered intensely and even unceasingly from the desire to devote herself wholly to God. In

her novitiate, Mother Margaret gave her a severe humiliation about her learning, and sent her to work in the kitchen. She replied: "Dear Mother, I have learnt everything but humility, and I have come to learn that here." She had studied in the Greek and Latin classics (Plato indeed helped her, as he did St. Augustine, into the Church); had a great and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures; was versed in the sense of the great spiritual writers; knew the diversities of the great religious rules, and was a good canonist in what concerned Religious, and wrote three languages with facility. She drew up the Constitutions of the Congregation from the great sea of Dominican law, including that of the general chapters since 1212; it passed under the revision of the General and his Council without alteration, and has obtained a celebrity in the Order. She has governed the congregation since Mother Margaret's departure, with a justness, power, and sweetness that is marvellous. No sister had a thought from her, and every one of them has within her a treasure and a light which, under God, has been received from her. The unity, love, and loyalty of all the sisters without exception, some one hundred and forty of them, has always been wonderful. Her very presence brought light wherever she appeared. Her temporal was equal to her spiritual administration; she was strong in practice, calm in judgment, sweet in affection, gentle in word and life. With perfect innocence from childhood she knew all the ways of wickedness, none of which ever touched her. In short, I am describing the most harmonious, and, therefore, perfect character I ever knew. The last words of Mother Margaret to me on her death-bed were of her; she said, "there never was a better woman." She was my dearest friend, and through these long years I never saw a fault in her, even by

accident, nor an error of judgment. You may imagine, my dear child, what I have felt. My eyes have been moist with tears during these days, not of regret but of consolation, for her beautiful image is always before me. I would not have detained her one moment from her happiness; she is always radiant before me. What then have all her children and mine felt and suffered? yet all the Prioresses write that they behave admirably. Some thirty of their letters lie before me; those letters are full of devout and affectionate surrender of their dearest mother to God, and of gratitude for all she has been to them.

It is the first time I have been separated from them in any trial; far travelling in this cold weather is dangerous for me; yet however dearly they would have wished my presence, they all say, "We feel for you more than for ourselves, but do not come. We must not lose Mother and Father both."

To Mrs. de Lisle on the death of her son Rudolph, Lieutenant in the Navy, killed at Abu Klea.

St. Mary's, Oscott,
Jan. 27th, 1885.

My dear Mrs. de Lisle,

I am in full sympathy with you in your deep sorrow over the loss of your dear son Rudolph. It will be a great consolation to you to have known that he received the Blessed Sacrament before starting on the campaign. I offered the holy sacrifice for his dear soul on Saturday last. All the Revd. Clergy of the College, and those who had known him, have been moved with sorrow, and sympathise with his mother and his relatives.

He was a generous, heroic youth, devoted to his profession, full of the sense of duty, living in the grace of God. I can only say: "He was taken away lest malice should obscure his understanding, or fiction deceive his soul." The ways of God are unsearchable. He calls those whom He loves.

I pray God to bless and console you, and remain, my dear Mrs. de Lisle,

Your old and devoted friend,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To the same on the same.

St. Mary's Priory, Princethorpe,
June 30th, 1885.

My dear Mrs. de Lisle,

Thank you for the copy of Lord Charles Beresford's letter, which, however, I had seen before. I think you can have no more suitable person to write an account of Rudolph than Mr. Oxenham, if he will undertake it. It would be well done, and the author's name would secure attention. If a similar account could be added of his soldier brother, it would much increase the interest. Stories of young heroes have always a fascination for English minds, and the lives of these chivalrous youths would be valuable examples to quicken the spirits of other youths in these dreary days of selfishness and sensuality.

God has stripped you, my dear friend, of one leaf after another of your noble life, and given you many trials, but they will all be restored to you again in one glorious crown, and your tears will be turned to joy. You have always been to me as the valiant woman of the Sapiential books, to whom I have looked with many reverent

Birmingham, May 12th 1886.

My Dear Mr Fitzherbert

Replying to the numerous congratulations received on occasion of completing my 20th year, I must not forget those sent to me by the students of Oscott received through the public men. I wish to tell them through you that their congratulations gave me an especial pleasure. Their general good conduct and their attachment to their College and its rules make them dear to me, and I always feel pleasure in meeting any of them.

I pray God to bless you all, and to increase your happiness, and remain devotedly and affectionately the friend and patron of the students of Oscott,

+ William Bernard
Bishop of Birmingham.

remembrances. You are in the hands of God, and God will have care of you.

What an extraordinary thing that the Archbishop of Sydney is to be made a Cardinal. When I look back to the year 1832, when I had to struggle, helped only by two priests, with the demands of that vast country, and now I see a great hierarchy of Archbishops and Bishops, and a Cardinal at their head, I am amazed, and feel as if I were a piece of antiquity in modern times.

To a gentleman who had lost his wife.

St. Mary's College, Oscott,
April 27th, 1886.

My dear ——,

I have just heard of your loss and privation in the departure from this world of your excellent and much respected wife, and wish to convey to you and your bereaved family my deep sympathy in this great trial. There is no one for whom I had a greater respect; I shall pray for her at the Altar, and shall remember all those whom she has left to mourn her loss. May God bless and console you; the remembrance of her virtues will be the inheritance of her children.

Believe me your most faithful friend,

+W. B. ULLATHORNE.

V.—Letters from Rome.

The Advent Sermons before the Papal Court.

Rome, 1861.

In the calamities of Italy, the Bishops and Clergy as a body are acting nobly. Almost all the Bishops have written letters worthy of the times of the Fathers, to the Government of Piedmont. . . The Government is bringing prosecutions on account of some of these letters. In short, the Church in its trials has exhibited a sound condition which consoles amid the horrors of this atheistic revolution. Strange it is, how few men can throw the world into confusion, when God permits it. It will be seen at the last day how weak society is with all its pride, when God intends to punish or to prove it. . . . . .

Father Luigi di Trento is preaching the Advent Sermons to the Papal Court. He is a truly apostolic man. And it is a fine thing to see a poor Capuchin with simple dignity telling plain truths to Pope, Cardinals, and Bishops. His first discourse was on Adoration as the source of Light. . . It has always struck me that the constant interrpution of the Cardinals and Prelates in their deliberations by public functions must be a great safety against being too much carried away by nature. . . . Since writing the above, I have been to hear the second Advent Sermon of Fr. Luigi. He preaches in the Throne Room of the Vatican, and from the throne itself. The Pope is in a secluded closet. The Cardinals, Bishops, and Procurators of Orders are the audience. It was a magnificent discourse on the force of prayer in governing the Church, and carrying its rulers through its trials. . . . It was truly sublime; this poor friar

speaking in the name of God to the Head and Princes of the Church with the spirit of a prophet, and as he spoke in God's name, so he spoke by the very throne of his Vicar.

These constant functions at the Vatican serve many incidental purposes, as well as the chief one of sanctifying the rulers of the Church. These grand ceremonies are at once exercises of prayer, charity, and meekness, and I often think that meekness is one of the characteristics of Catholic Rome.

The Crib and the Cross.

Rome, Christmas, 1869.

. . . . The High Mass at St. Peter's surpassed its usual grandeur owing to the presence of the Council in their silver copes and mitres of fine linen. Amid all the magnificent splendour, one could only reflect that it symbolized the glories which are destined to be the final issue of the Crib and the Cross. It was the Crib of our Lord that was glorified, and one went back to that bundle of old wood that is kept at St. Mary Major's, for the interpretation. There are two bundles of old wood kept in Rome, more priceless than all her splendours; one is at St. Mary Major's, and the other at Santa Croce. And close by the old manger is the Pillar of Scourging, kept in the house of St. Peter's spiritual daughter, herself a martyr of the Cross. And, that the Mother and Mistress of all Churches may not want its glory, close to St. John Lateran are the Holy Stairs which Jesus and His persecutors alike ascended, on which St. John followed Him, down which St. Peter came from the saddest of divine and human spectacles. The trumpets may entrance

the kneeling multitude, when, under the marvellous dome, the Vicar of Christ lifts up the God of heaven and earth in his mortal hands; but the Crib, the Stairs, the Pillar, and the Cross explain it all. . . . . .
I went with Bishop Vaughan to see the great relics at Santa Croce, which always does me a great deal of good. They bring us so near Our Lord and His terrible humiliations, and pierce one through with a sense of the need of sacrifice to break down the old Adam with his pride and sensuality, and to break us open for the possession of the new man and the Holy Spirit. Then the Holy Crib looks so very like the Holy Cross as if it were part and parcel of the same instrument of sacrifice and the same life of abnegation and suffering. . . . These are the great things of Rome—greater than the Coliseum, greater than St. Peter's even, for they will shine in heaven at the last day when the great works of men have perished.

Papal blessing at Easter.

Rome,
April 18th, 1870.

Thank you for your letter and your Paschal greeting. Yesterday St. Peter's witnessed such a spectacle as was never witnessed before—all agree in saying that neither the canonization nor the Pope's jubilee was at all equal to it. The 800 mitres, the huge temple closely packed, and at the Pope's blessing from the loggia in front, the whole colonnade, the square beyond, and streets down to St. Angelo, one pavement of human heads. The vineyards rising on the right of St. Peter's, and the house tops were covered with people. My position, on the top of the colonnade in front of the Vatican, enabled me to see

all this wondrous spectacle from one point. The Pope's voice, with his eighty years, was clear and strong; one heard every word of the absolutions, and when he exalted his arms and voice for the benediction, the voices of that sea of people, which had been as the sound of many waters, were hushed; all went down, and no sooner had the last words expired than the roar of voices ascended, the cannon roared in concert, the bells of all the churches clanged, and almost drowned the martial music of the regimental bands, which were gathered in a cluster between the two great fountains that throw up their waters into the air day and night. I stood beside an English minister of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who was quite overpowered with the scene, and went down bareheaded for the blessing.

At night came the illumination of St. Peter's, as if the stars had come down to adorn the great temple with their light, and to mark out its architectural features. The sudden change after an hour, beginning from the top of the cross, made the huge pile a mountain of quivering fire.

To-night is to be the fireworks from Mount Pincio, and on Wednesday is to be the illumination of the city. All the squares and open places have had structures erected in them for a month past, for the occasion.

We hope on Low Sunday to have a session for the final voting of the fresh decrees of the synod. To-morrow we meet for giving the *placet* a second time on amendments, put in at the last voting by *placet*. We have already had to deal with 386 proposed amendments on four chapters, and have now 130 more to deal with on the same; so you may conjecture it is not all idleness. It takes upwards of two hours for every Bishop to give his *placet* or *non placet* as the name of his see is read out from the pulpit. But the

preliminary votings on amendments by rising and sitting are more animating a good deal. A Bishop from the pulpit gives an exposition of what has been done in the special Congregation, and what they recommend; then each proposed correction is read. All who are for it rise, whilst those against it remain seated. When their numbers have been noted they sit, and the opposites rise up, and so on for some three hours and a half together. We have recently had a fortnight of this work, but after Easter we shall begin discussions once more (the second course of discussion, on the second part of the first schema), and probably have to write on other points at home to be sent in.

It is bright weather at last, but the air is cold, and snow is still on the mountains. It is commonly supposed we shall have a suspension of the council at end of June for three or four months. I shall hope then to get home for that period. We shall have close and hard work in the interval.

The Council, 1870.

. . . The more I see of this Council, the more sure I feel that great things will come out of it. It will give much light both to Catholics and to those seeking the Church. And there is due consideration shown to those who are in a state of blindness. As to discipline also, very valuable principles will be cleared up and sound regulations based upon them. Thus the discussions are enlightening all parties, and each portion of the Church is teaching the rest. Even the intense curiosity pervading the exterior world touching the Council, and the agitation and exaggeration of the world's journals, are preparing the world itself for receiving the work of the Council when it shall at last appear, in such a way as to make the

deepest impression on human minds. No Council will have ever shown such clear expositions of Catholic principles, or have dispelled so many erroneous impressions as to the real spirit of the Catholic Church.

Rome: The Catacombs, 1870.

. . . We stood in the damp and desolate vaults amid broken inscriptions, breathing simple faith and tender love of God's Saints; amidst the men and women who had lived with Peter and Paul, or had heard all about them from those who had lived with them. What pathetic sermons, what tales of suffering and triumph must have been heard under these rude vaults, in these fresh little underground churches! One of these early paintings is supposed to represent St. Pudentiana receiving the veil from St. Peter. It may be so; or it may be some other early dedication of woman's heart to Our Lord. What did not religion cost in those days! when no cloister, no religious mother, no choir received the spouse of Christ; but in her own house, in some room apart, she lived alone, and looked to reach God alone through the bloody door, by the axe, or the iron claws, or the rough-edged sword of some pagan slave. And here lies all that remains of those brave and generous-hearted victims of eternal love, who founded the life of consecrated virginity in their burning charity, and bathed it at its roots in their life-blood.

VI.—Miscellaneous Letters.

After the death of Mr. Pugin.

Birmingham,
Oct. 10th, 1852.

Dear Mr. Phillipps,

I wish very much to see something written about Pugin, to show how completely his genius sprang from and was directed by religion. But I have not time for it. The article in the *Chronicle* was by Beresford Hope.

I think something good and telling might be written upon him, for there are fine materials, especially to be derived from those who were constantly conversant with him. A something, I mean, which might be a lesson to our artists and architects.

To Messrs. Hardman & Co. in thanks for valuable gifts to the Cathedral.

Bishop's House,
Easter Sunday, 1854.

My dear and esteemed Friends,

I feel that I cannot express to you, as I could wish, how deeply I appreciate the munificent offerings with which you have just adorned the Cathedral Church of this Diocese.

The magnificent candlesticks for the High Altar, the elevation candlesticks with their beautiful branches, the most graceful I have ever seen, the twelve torches, and the beautiful lectern, all of so costly a character, and of the finest design of the late Mr. Pugin, as you justly observe, complete the fittings of the first great church of the great restorer of Christian art. And it is as pious as it is graceful to associate your offerings to God and to His

House, whose beauty you so well love, with the memory of that extraordinary man, whom, in a very elevated sense, you call your master as well as friend.

Your wishes respecting the regulation of the use of your pious offerings shall be religiously attended to. I have signed the list of appointed days attached to your letter, and it will be placed with the letter itself, and a copy of this, in the Episcopal archives.

I earnestly pray Almighty God to bless and to continue to increase His blessings upon your most Catholic labours, and upon your families as well as upon yourselves.

It is my intention to say Mass in each alternate week until next Easter, if God continues me in life, for the families of Mr. Hardman and the Messrs. Powell; and on the other alternate weeks I propose to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of Mr. Pugin, and of the souls of the departed members of your families.

And fervently praying Almighty God to give you the blessings of this holy season abundantly,

I remain, my dear Sirs,
Your obliged and devoted servant and Bishop,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To John Hardman, William Powell, jun.,
and James Powell, Esqrs.

Letter of thanks for a gift from the workmen employed by the same firm.

Bishop's House,
Easter Sunday, 1854.

Dear Mr. Hardman,

If I have not yet given expression to the feeling of gratification, and to the thanks which I owe to the donors of the Artists' Window offered to St. Chad's Cathedral, it has not been because they have passed from my mind.

I take this holy season, when the Cathedral has been clothed with so many new and beautiful ornaments, as the fittest on which to express to those pious and generous artists and workmen, how much I appreciate their gift, and that zeal for St. Chad's at all times, of which that gift is a permanent memorial.

Whether considered for its intrinsic value, or for the art and skill displayed in it, or for its having been a great ornament in the mediæval court of the Dublin Exhibition, or, which is its greatest value, for its moral associations as a religious oblation, and as the generous offering of the artists and workmen of your establishment, the Artists' Window will always be one of the most interesting ornaments of St. Chad's. And not only interesting but equally instructive. For it is an exhortation to others not to confine their love of the beauty of God's house to a mere barren admiration of the offerings which more generous souls have made.

When the celebrated colonnade which runs from the city of Bologna to the Church of Our Lady was erected, a work full two miles long, each trade, each craft, each art, and each profession, gave its quota of columns and arcades to that great work.

Let me express a hope that the example set in these modern times, of the old mediæval devotion, in a form so real and so unmistakeable, by those who have worked in the revival of Christian art in the Christian spirit, will not stand solitary; and that, as St. Chad's is pointed to as the first example of a long series of works in which the old spirit has been revived, so this window may grow in interest with time, as the first example of the revival of the old devotion of artists and workmen to the beautifying and adorning of God's Churches by their generosity.

It is my intention to say three masses for the donors of

the window and the members of their families, whether living or departed, and praying God to bless and prosper both them and you,

I remain, dear Mr. Hardman,

Your faithful servant and Bishop,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Private letter to Mr. Hardman on the same occasion.

Bishop's House,
Easter Sunday, 1854.

My dear Mr. Hardman,

In conveying to you and the Messrs. Powell my thanks for all that you have done for St. Chad's Cathedral, I am of course fully sensible that you are the prime mover and the great contributor in these generous and pious works.

From the first time I met you, when you gave me the first little monstrance ever used in Australia, I have had an esteem for you which has continued to grow with time and intimacy.

I am slow in expressing gratitude, perhaps too slow; it is so near allied to praise, though so very distinct from it, and though a duty, whilst the latter often approaches to an offence. Not that I do not deeply feel it where it is owing, but I am often delicate where perhaps I seem almost indifferent. It was impressed on me early by dear parents who were remarkable for their prudence. And when I entered religion, I was deeply impressed with the often recurring homily of St. Chrysostom, *"Praise, after life is over."*

But you will perhaps permit me at a time like this, when I am thinking much about you, to say, how warm an affection I have for you, and what an interest I take in you and all that is yours.

I wish also to say how thoroughly I appreciate that judicious discrimination with which, whilst you throw yourself into all the works in which a layman can co-operate, you abstain from all that is purely the dominion of the clergy. It is this combination of zeal with prudence rare, that most commends you both to my judgment and affection.

If the judgment of God's appointed servants on earth may be taken as some little shadow of His own, where religion and its service is concerned, so I trust you will penetrate to the depths of the motive which has induced me to say what I have said, solely with the view of confirming and encouraging that zeal and judgment with which you devote yourself to the service of religion.

I wish to grant to you, and I hereby grant to you, by virtue of my episcopal authority, forty days of indulgence, for every time that you sing in the Church.

And I shall always make a memento for you and your family in my prayers at the Holy Sacrifice.

Wishing you, Mrs. Hardman, and your children, the blessing of this Holy Season.

I remain, my dear Mr. Hardman,

Your faithful and affectionate friend,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

What is a good girl.

Bishop's House,
July 16th, 1855.

My dear little niece,

Your little letter pleased me very much. When a little girl has a good heart, and says what is good out of her heart, it always pleases everybody. But it pleased me very much. So you would like to go to Rome with me. But where could I put such a little jumping body, unless

I were to put you in the top of my portmanteau, and then you would jump out when the Custom House officers come to open it, and then they would be astonished.

I will certainly get you a nice little Rosary at Rome and ask the Pope to bless it for you. And I have sent you a little medal of Our Lady of La Salette.

Your cousin Lizzy at the Convent at Stone had a little white habit on at Holy Innocents', and looked just like a little nun. And she wants very much to be old enough to be one. She is very happy there, and is very fond of the nuns, as I dare say you are very fond of the nuns at Lingdale House.

Dear child, I will pray for you, as you have asked me so nicely to do. And so now you must study well in study-time, and jump and skip in play-time, and be a happy, merry child. My idea of a good child is that she never says in her heart, *I like* or *I don't like*; she never thinks in her heart, *I will* or *I won't*, but always loves and obeys her mistresses from her heart. God bless you, dear child.

Your affectionate uncle,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

A very distant anticipation.

Birmingham,
April 21st, 1858.

Dear Mr. Phillipps,

I may venture to tell you that I have projected a work, to be carried on as I can get time, the object of which is to bring back the current ascetical teaching to its solid foundation—humility. I go chiefly to the representative Saints of early asceticism for my foundations, and to the more scientific periods for the science of the subject. One point which I should much wish to illustrate is the

intimate relation which exists between humility and wisdom.

In short, I should very much like to give a full, comprehensive, and scientific treatise on that fundamental virtue, concerning which, except the beautiful epitome of Rodriguez, which is of course a translation, we have scarcely anything in our language.

It is curious that Barrow worked the subject in his dry way from St. Thomas, and Jeremy Taylor from Sts. Bernard and Bonaventure.

With respectful regards to Mrs. Phillipps and your family circle, wishing you and them every blessing,

I remain, dear Mr. Phillipps,
Your obliged and faithful servant in Christ,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

On the death of his mother.

Birmingham,
Sept. 20th, 1860.

Dear Mother Prioress,

I thank you and the community most gratefully for your kind sympathies and your charitable prayers for the repose of my dear mother.

By an understanding long since made between Mother Margaret and her, I interred her remains in the Church at Stone yesterday very solemnly.

The many prayers offered for my dear mother, and the recollections of her solid virtues, evinced even to her last breath, are to me a great consolation. She deserved a worthier son than I am.

To all the dear sisters as to yourself, I beg to repeat my gratitude, and I remain,

Dear Mother Prioress,
Your faithful servant in Christ,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

He tries to resign his Bishopric.

May 10th, 1862.

It is long since I had the pleasure of seeing you; but I hope to have that pleasure some day again. My head has grown very grey with solicitude; but I thank God that there is much to console me in this Diocese. For two years past I have been very much engaged in matters that rather regard ecclesiastical diplomacy and business of various kinds before the Holy See; more indeed than with the administration of this diocese; but I hope that after this third visit to Rome in the course of that period, I shall be left again to my own diocesan work.

During my recent abode in the Eternal City, I put a solemn petition before the Holy Father, praying to be released from the Episcopal office after my long and varied labours, and to be allowed to return to that monastic life which I had always looked back to with desire. But after a fortnight of silence, the Holy Father answered me in a very unexpected way. On the Feast of the Purification, in the solemn function in St. Peter's, after he had chanted the Benediction in the Mass and was reseated on his Throne, the Pope called me before him, and when I had knelt down, he said: "Monsignore, in nomine Sancti Petri, io vi dico da questa Santa Catedra di verità che non si può accettare la sua demissione. Sta al suo posto; perseveri fin alla morte; ha molte cose ancor a fare."

After that what could one do but bow the head in submission? and, as Cardinal Antonelli observed to me two days afterwards, "You must have felt it far more tranquillising to receive the Pope's answer under those solemn circumstances than if he had spoken to you privately."

On the Rambler.

Birmingham,
May 5th, 1863.

Dear Mr. Phillipps de Lisle,

I thank you for your very kind letter and approval of my second pamphlet. It is satisfactory to know that labours and writings produced under circumstances so unpleasant have not been altogether in vain. I have had several other very kind letters, which have not a little relieved me, but what I most wish to see is some satisfactory change in the management of the Periodical itself.

My *opus magnum,* the philosophical, theological, and ascetical treatise on the virtue of humility has, alas! been suspended for years, and I know not when I shall be able to resume it. I have the materials of nearly two volumes lying in a rough state, and how glad I should be, if I could have six months of seclusion to complete it, but that is out of the question.

Business grows so much and in such varied shapes, whilst creeping age comes on, and slackens the old energies, that I should be heartily glad if the Holy Father would let me retire. I made an effort last year to get free, but failed, so I suppose I must be reconciled with my burden.

I hope that Mrs. de Lisle and all your family are well, and that you are prospering in all things as you desire. And praying Almighty God to bless you in all good things,

I remain, dear Mr. Phillipps de Lisle,
Your obliged and faithful servant,
+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Montalembert's Monks of the West.

Birmingham,
April 5th, 1867.

My Dear Mr. de Lisle,

I have just completed reading Montalembert's third volume, which is learnedly and admirably done. The life of St. Columba is a masterpiece. It was wise to put both the weaknesses as well as the strength, the errors as well as the excellencies, of those great men, so as to leave nothing to controversies. Also, because this mode of handling God's Saints, after the Scripture model, makes their whole example more instructive and encouraging; bringing them also anew within the compass of humanity. I think, however, that his own deductions on the conduct of St. Gregory's monks in flying instead of standing to their work amongst the people, when the royalties turned against them, are too logical; a common mistake in writing histories of far back periods. We have not all the premisses, and it would seem that they could do nothing with that rude Saxon people without their kings, and were too marked to stand their ground or to hold any people together in face of the idolatrous priests, without some countenance and protection from authority. They fled, but on the first opening they returned again, and the Church has canonised them. I send you a little pamphlet which has been drawn from me through a most scandalous course of lectures, etc., that has filled Staffordshire with an intense excitement, and spread a wide mischief of demoralisation.

At Walsall, however, the plague has been stayed. The magistrates and leading inhabitants to the number of 300, signed a declaration that they would not go near these lectures, the Catholics have filled their own churches

during them, and the military and police were sent back to their places as not required. The reporters quitted the place in disgust.

Many towns are still threatened with this nuisance, but the right policy to be pursued is now understood, both by the Catholics and the authorities. I trust we shall not again have the spectacle of cavalry volunteers and police arrayed to the number of 1,000 men, protecting these wretched men against the fury of 10,000 Catholics, as recently at Wolverhampton.

Hoping that you, Mrs. de Lisle, and your family are well, and praying Almighty God to bless you and them,

I remain, dear Mr. de Lisle,

Your obliged and faithful servant in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Christian Schools and Scholars.

Birmingham,

August 11th, 1867.

Dear Mr. de Lisle,

The Roman assembly was a wonderful exemplification of the force of veritable union; and the cordiality that prevailed amongst the assembled prelates was admirable. Half a mile of mitres in pairs in the procession formed the episcopal contribution.

The Œcumenical Council contemplates, if all goes well, for the autumn of next year, intends chiefly the revision of the Canon Law and discipline of the Church, to adapt it to the exigencies of the present condition of the Church. The Emperor of the French has expressed his accord with the proposal.

The Pope is wonderfully well and vigorous when we consider his years. And the amount of work he went through, with the incessant toil of audiences added to all the rest, was a labour of Hercules.

Have you seen a very beautiful and instructive book "Christian Schools and Scholars," written by one of the nuns of Stone? It will repay perusal, and I wish to see it widely diffused. Its object is to shew historically the genius of ecclesiastical education. It has a certain analogy with Montalembert's Monks of the West, and runs parallel with it in another track.

I regret exceedingly to find from the Standard that he has relapsed into his old complaint, and that it causes fears for his most valuable life.

Requesting respectful remembrance to Mrs. de Lisle,

I remain, dear Mr. de Lisle,

Your obliged and faithful Servant,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Letter of thanks for the redecoration of his private chapel.

Birmingham,

August 20th, 1868.

Dear Rev. Mother,

I received on this day of my feast a round-robin, signed round a cross and signed in red, just like the round-robins the buccaneers used to sign in their piratical expeditions in the South Seas, when they were discontented with their captain.

At the first glance it really looked ominous of a rebellion. But first sight is often deceptive in this world.

I find it explains a mass of confusion that has been going on in this house for some weeks, no one could exactly say why or by what authority.

This morning the Chapel was quite bright and in its wonted order, and I thought of all those who had brought light into it and made it reflective of their filial affection and devotion, and prayed for them, that God would unite them all in the light and beauty of his Eternal Kingdom.

I have ascertained that St. Mary's is the ringleader in this getting up of the offering of "the religious Communities of the Diocese," and so to St. Mary's I write, as to the ear, as well as to the mouthpiece of all.

It is a great pleasure to me to see "all the Communities" united in a joint act of affection and homage to the Superior whom God has placed over them.

I am the servant of Christ's spouses, and it is a service which brings small pain and much content. I thank God who has given me so much veneration for His true daughters, and has blessed me in the service of so large a number of them. If I am able to do them some service, it is much owing to their belief that I have that veneration for them, and that I account the serving of them to be a singular privilege that God has given to me.

Let me, through you, dear Rev. Mother, thank the Communities for your common act in brightening the Altar at which I pray for you, and for the prayers you so often say for me, and let me express my gratitude to you all for all your goodness towards me.

And may God bless, increase, and prosper you all. I am always,

Your devoted spiritual father,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Letter of thanks for prayers.

Birmingham,
March 17th, 1874.

Dear Mother Prioress,

To you and your community I offer my thanks for your charitable prayers, kind greetings, and good wishes, on my jubilee. The address was exhibited at Coughton, and has gone to adorn the walls of St. Bernard's Seminary. The illumination was admired by real judges as well as by

the members. We had a very nice day at Coughton; a congregation, sundry brethren, mass, sermon, and Te Deum.

I send you a copy of our joint address to our old novice-master, for which I have waited before writing. If I have taken some care of the convents, they have always more than repaid me by their kindness and goodness to me.

It has been a real pleasure to go back to old and simple times, and to recall all the goodness of God to me. It is likewise a time when the shadow of the door of eternity seems to cast its form and mystery upon one.

After fifty years in religion it is time to look forward to the end of the short path remaining, and the carking, creaking body tells one it will go down at last, if not soon, yet not so long hence. So what remains is to look onwards and upwards.

I pray God, dear Mother Prioress, to bless and prosper you and your community, and remain,

Always your devoted Spiritual father in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

An old Christmas Mystery.

Oscott, December 26th, 1882.

Dear Lady Catherine,

Thanking you and all at Spetchley for your kind Christmas greetings and good wishes, to you, Mr. Berkeley and your family circle, I wish and pray all good and happiness.

One does not often find much that is new about Christmas except in those eternal mysteries, which are always new the deeper we go into them. But I have been looking into the old mystery plays on Christmas in the Townley collections, which are written in the old Yorkshire dialect of the time of Richard II., and in the

"Second of the Shepherds" have found something wonderfully rich, simple and quaint. The Shepherds, all living near Wakefield, have fenced their sheep against the snow, and go into a hut to talk and sleep, when there comes in among them a certain wild fellow named Max, who joins the talk, which is all about sheep and the fear of having them stolen. Max asks leave to sleep there, which is reluctantly allowed, as he is suspected. When the shepherds are all asleep, Max slips off his shoes, gets the door gently opened, and carries off on his shoulder one of the fattest sheep. Arrived at his own cottage, his wife Gilly and he discuss the question, How are they to hide the sheep against the shepherds, who on awaking are sure to come in search for it. At last it is settled that Gilly shall go to bed and have a baby, and the sheep is huddled into the bed with her. The shepherds come, and Max tells them they may search everywhere, only not to disturb Gilly and the baby, as she had been so recently confined. Nothing is found, but one of the shepherds gets into a very warm sympathy with the baby, wants to know if it has been baptised, and who were the sponsors. Yes; and for sponsors three Yorkshire men are given by name and three Yorkshire women. But the shepherd longs to see the little face, and if he can see the little hand he will put sixpence into it. Max protests, and the wife groans in suffering; but the shepherd moves the clothes and exclaims: Oh! what a long black nose the baby has. Then arise threats on one side, and fears on the other, of what will happen to-morrow before the magistrates of Wakefield. But at this moment music is heard in the heavens, and an angel appears at the door and announces the birth of the Saviour of the world, and the shepherds are told they must hasten without delay to Bethlehem. Arrived there, all their roughness is gone, they pour out the

most tender and affectionate feelings in great devotion over the Divine Babe, and salute Mary with congratulations, and Joseph with politeness. And so the mystery ends. What enriches the whole of the play is the way in which they talk like good Yorkshire Christians all along, invoking our Lord and the Blessed Virgin all through the previous scenes.

It was performed in Wakefield, at Christmas-tide, by the barkers (tanners), but requires a knowledge of Yorkshire, and a glossary as well, to understand it. The people of those times must have enjoyed the humour of the dialogues very much, and then the sudden change to tender piety when they get to Bethlehem.

Your maternal solicitude is travelling far and wide this Christmas with all this dispersion, and all the absent will be thinking of home—the beautiful influence of this season, in which the Holy Family consecrates all Christian families, and draws together in spirit those who are separated in body.

I wish you, Mr. Berkeley, and all your family, the true joys of the season, and its abundant graces, and remain, dear Lady Catherine,

Your faithful friend and bishop,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul.

Birmingham, July 2nd, 1884.

My dear Mr. Blount,

In acknowledging the receipt of your letter with a copy of the report of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul for the year 1883, I am reminded of the long and zealous services which you have devoted to the founding and propagating of the Society in this country.

I have always had an appreciation of the value of this

Society on the grounds—Firstly, for the spiritual benefits and sanctifying influence which the Society confers on its own members; secondly, for the temporal and spiritual benefits which the visits of its members confer on the poor; thirdly, for the mutual benefits which the members by their charitable association and union in good works confer on one another.

Under the direction of their Rev. Clergy, these little societies form a nucleus of piety, edification, and good works in the congregations which well deserve to be cherished, encouraged, and helped by episcopal authority.

I therefore invoke the blessing of God upon the Society and its members, and pray to God for its extension and prosperity.

I remain, my dear Mr. Blount, your faithful and devoted servant in Christ,

+ WILLIAM BERNARD,
Bishop of Birmingham.

George Blount, Esq.

Funeral of Mr. Ferrers.

Birmingham,
August 31st, 1884.

My dear Lady Catherine,

On Friday I buried my dear old friend, Mr. Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton, amidst the lamentations and tears of the people on his property, to whom he was as a father. I could not but reflect aloud in the pulpit what the scene would have been in the days of his noble ancestors, when, amidst a vast and resplendent assemblage, the heralds would have proclaimed silence by sound of trumpet and the representative of the Grand Marshal of the Conqueror would have been proclaimed with all his titles, his three

earldoms, his hundred baronies and his inheritance of a hundred and forty manors. But here was the simple "Old Squire," as the people loved to call him, at the news of whose death strong men, even Protestants, and men in respectable positions, cried and shivered in their frames.

Let me tell you one anecdote, which represents a thousand. He was walking in his woods, a hundred acres, the last remains of the great forest of Arden, when he came upon a poor old decrepit woman gathering fire-wood. At the sight of the squire, she was alarmed, but he spoke to her as kindly as an old father to his child, helped her to complete her bundle, took it on his own shoulders, and chatted by her side all the way to her cottage where he left her and her bundle.

The hearts of the poor rose up at his presence, and he cheered all the neighbourhood wherever he came. "A fine old English Gentleman, all of the olden time."

Letter of thanks for presents during sickness.

Oscott, Dec. 26th, 1884.

My dear Mother Prioress,

The postman with his heavy load reached here at 2 p.m. yesterday, and it took till near dark to read what he brought, yours included. Again thanking you all for all your prayers, of which I hope a good part went for the soul, as well as for your Christmas greetings, I wish you all a happy Christmas tide in the true Catholic sense of the word. By the way, Mrs. Lescher was the first to send me fruit and game repeatedly at the beginning of my illness, and though I thanked her through my secretary for her kindness, I wish through her daughters to thank her again. Since then my sitting-room has looked like a vine from the number of bunches of grapes sent from

many quarters, and hung upon the figures in the old Gothic furniture. Game came until there was danger of my getting wings. All this was very charitable for such an old bag of bones. I say Mass in my private room, not daring to venture out of it, and prayed heartily for you all on Christmas day. I am now able to do a day's desk work without fatigue. This big house is now empty, but I enjoy the solitude. I was made for a hermit, and once in younger days tried to join the Cistercians; but wise heads, I suppose, prevented it. Still the troubles of government find me out, and I have one at this moment, a grave one, for which I want you to pray.

I pray God to bless you all, and give you that sanctity which I love to imagine in you, in its perfection, and remain,

My dear Mother Prioress,

Your devoted father in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To a Lady staying at Chamouni.

St. Mary's, Oscott, Oct. 8th, 1880.

. . . Our correspondence has this in it that it is altogether between soul and soul, in total ignorance of the corporal investiture. It is like a correspondence of spirits living in separate worlds, purely through the intelligence.

In my fiftieth year, Dr. Robert Fergusson sent me to the Alps, where I spent some four months, wandering from Alp to lake, from lake to Alp, and from one monastery to another. How beautifully the Scripture says that God gives snow as wool. It is the blanket that warms and fosters the earth.

I also have sat on the heather on the mountain top, and wondered to see how the gentian had gathered into its petals the profoundest blue of the skies, with Mont

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Blanc in the prospect, and a hare jumping up right under my feet. I have dwelt in the Monastery of Einsiedlen, venerable with 1,000 years, and seen in its vast church all the costumes of Switzerland, the South of France, and the North of Italy; have seen its monthly processions; have witnessed all the ways to it covered with pilgrims; have been familiar with its 90 priests and its venerable Abbot. I have felt the effect of that upper atmosphere that electrifies nerves and brain.

I am not engaged on the inner life of Mother Margaret, but on the work promised in the *Endowments*, a work for which Mother Margaret's convents by her direction have said a Magnificat every Saturday for 20 years past, and still say it. "A great and arduous work," as St. Augustine says, "because it is hard to persuade the proud that the greatest force lies in the virtue of humility; but God is a sure helper." Materials gathered twenty years ago cover all my tables, after being so long buried out of sight. So, say a prayer that the old man may accomplish what the younger ones may profit by.

I pray God to bless you, your dear mother and sister, and remain, my dear child in Christ,

Yours very faithfully,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

To the same.

St. Mary's Oscott,
Sept. 28th, 1883.

. . . It was not only a pleasure, but a relief to see your handwriting, for I had heard a report that you had been very unwell; still I thought if it were serious, you would have let me know through some one. . .

I have not yet got the Philadelphia Quarterly, but I

shall read your article with interest when it comes. The French Revolution has occupied my attention from time to time most of my life, as well as the career of Napoleon. I remember many of the old French emigrant priests, and heard much from them in early days. I have also a vivid recollection of my father bringing a newspaper into the house, and reading from it to my mother the account of the battle of Waterloo, and also of the intense excitement through the country as the troops returned to their quarters. People were almost mad with excitement, they crowded after the soldiers at their billets to treat them and talk to them. No wonder; for every man not in the line was a militia man. Invasion was the one idea of everybody when I was a child, and our nurses frightened us into good behaviour with the name of Bonaparte.

The first book I read on St. Helena was that of your relative. I think I am right in so calling the author. As a baby I used to lie on the green of my native town beside the nurse, and wonder at seeing so many black gaiters moving all in a line, as if one will moved the whole line of red coats.

Enough of this; but it all came on my wonderment from the French Revolution. Even our old Abbé Fidèle, in our little chapel, came to us from it, one of the simplest and most charitable of men.

That was a revolution of passion; what we now see is a revolution of cold malignancy.

I remain, my dear child, always your faithful and devoted,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

"The Queen by Right Divine."

St. Mary's, Oscott,
November 22nd, 1885.

Thank you for the "Queen by Right Divine." *Charming* is a word that I habitually shun, and am habitually offended with, it is so hacknied and abused by women for every trifle; but taken in its original sense for a preternatural influence that overcomes the order of nature, it is the only word to express the influence which your memoir of Sœur Rosalie has exercised upon me. Taking, then, the masculine and not the feminine sense of the word, the "Queen by Right Divine" is charming, and charmingly put forth. As I reached towards the end, tears dropped from my eyes . . . What a woman! What a saint! What a power!

The memoir of Madame Swetchine is also very interesting, the facts well selected, the portrait well done. Of course I know her letters, and something about her salon, but little about the General, and that not correct.

Having been at St. Petersburg when a boy in a blue jacket gives me a more vivid appreciation of anything Russian. The opening of Le Maistre's *Soirées de St. Petersbourg*, and Palmer's descriptions in his book on the Russian Church, always bring that city back to my mind in a series of vivid pictures.

In short, the two first memoirs have interested as well as *charmed* me; but the first is a masterpiece.

Are you aware that Alexander had made all arrangements for entering the Catholic Church a little before he died? He went to a city in Poland, (I forget which) sent to the Carmelites, and requested that the church door should be left open at midnight, went and prostrated himself before the Blessed Sacrament, then returned to his

residence, and despatched General——, I forget his name —a Catholic, on a secret message to the Pope, asking him to send a competent man, not in Diplomacy, to receive him, and advise him about bringing back the Russian Church into Catholic unity. The person fixed upon was the Abbot of St. Gregory's, afterwards Pope Gregory XVI. But on his way to Archangel, he died, and was suspected to have been either poisoned or assassinated. Rome was ripe with this story when I first visited it in 1838.

Lacordaire I knew, and he spent some days with me in Birmingham. I even got him to preach a short sermon at Oscott, though very reluctantly. When a course of lectures in London was proposed to him, he replied that he knew the genius of the French, but not of the English. I have a copy of his works which he sent me with a letter. He also paid a visit to Mother Margaret, of whom in many respects, and especially in the humorous way in which she managed difficult people, Sœur Rosalie reminds me. I first met Abbot Gueranger on the Rhône at Chalon. I was the first professed Benedictine he had ever seen. I travelled with him to Rome in 1838, and we were at San Callisto together for ten weeks. He was there to obtain the approval of his Congregation . . . . And now I have a black crow to pluck with you. Why, in the memoir of Lacordaire, do you invariably call Dominicans *monks?* Neither by right, tradition, custom, or privilege, are they monks, or have they ever given themselves that designation, from St. Dominic downwards. A monk, as the word implies, is a solitary, or a cenobite. The five orders of friars, or frères, or fratres, began at the end of the 12th or the beginning of the 13th century. They were designed for the priesthood from the beginning; the monks were not. Their object was to go into the parishes to preach; the monks were designed for their monasteries.

These five orders of Friars are the Carmelites, then revived and reformed, the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, Friars for the redemption of captives, or crutched Friars, the red and blue cross on their habit, who came later into life. By no office, title, or law are the Dominicans monks. The Church has never called them monks, nor have they themselves. They are fratres, frères, or friars, in Italian frati.

There, I hope you are satisfied with your jobation from a veritable monk, a descendant of the monks of Westminster, and of St. Augustine of Canterbury, as well as of Gregory the Great. If this is wanting in pomposity, I am much mistaken.

Kindest regards to your dear mother and sister. I pray God with all my heart to bless you all three, and to prosper you, and I remain, your obliged and affectionate friend,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

St. Mary's, Oscott, Birmingham,
Dec. 29, 1879.

To the Authoress of "Bells of the Sanctuary."

To yourself, your mother, and sister a happy and prosperous year, with many graces.

. . . Poor Paris! I never regret to see it humbled, for that is its one hope. How like it is to old Athens; the same vanity, the same restlessness, the same eagerness for new things, the same impatience with old ones, the same setting up of men this day, and knocking them down the next. The same passion for culture, and the same abuse of it. But with a thousand times more power weakened by as much division. Lucian's auction of the philosophers of Athens will just do for the sophists

of Paris. As Aristophanes pulled down the wise Socrates by his ridicule, Paris puts all wise things into the same melting pot. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." But when I look at the great city from another point of view, I am reminded of Rome, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople, when the Christians were in a minority of strength. It is amazing how faith and charity are stimulated and strengthened in the midst of luxury, unbelief, and profanity. What is not obtained in numbers is obtained in the intensity of good concentrated in individuals. And when we consider that an ordinary degree of good found in many is not to be compared in excellence to the same amount of good gathered into one subject, where the good is increased not in arithmetical but in geometrical proportion, there is perhaps as much good in Paris taken all together as is to be found in any equal population, despite of all the evil. In this way the Providence of God avenges the evils of human wills. For I suppose the accumulated sanctity of Abraham overbalanced the evil of five cities. And I take it as fact that there is heroic sanctity in individuals within that city that overbalances the evils of thousands, for its protection. Yet the greatest signs of protection often take the shape of humiliation. Ah, my dear child, what a thing it is to accumulate sanctity within the unity of one individual soul! To centre it all in that one point of the soul that we call *will*. To put that will in the hands of God, and in blind faith let Him guide it to its eternal destiny. Your "Bells" ring no other tune but this: *Tout à Dieu, Tout de Dieu, Tout pour Dieu.* The less turning to self the better. The soul is a subject made for an object, but God is the object, and the subject can only rest in the object. That is the reason why time is so tedious when occupied with self, and so swift as to be almost unconscious, when em-

ployed with the whole soul on God. If we could be wholly absorbed in God in this life, we should have no sense of time. "Join thyself to eternity, and thou shalt find rest."

My dear child, you must pardon the intrusion of an old man's thoughts, who naturally writes what is uppermost. But, as St. Jerome says in half apology to St. Austin, the old ox treads heavily on the ground.

The Prioress of Stone, authoress of Mother Margaret's life, is printing a great book on St. Catherine of Sienna, for her fifth centenary this year. Notwithstanding the full life by her confessor Blessed Raymond, there is much new light on her life and spirit, derived chiefly from unpublished manuscripts written for her canonisation by her companions, and existing in Italian libraries, especially the Minerva and Sienna. A curious fact comes out that she kept England to the true Pope in the great schism when Scotland went wrong, had an agent at Cambridge, and corresponded with King Richard. The book must soon get into the continental languages like her "Schools and Scholars." I pray God to bless you, your mother and sister, with the copious blessings of this holy time, and remain, my dear child,

Your faithful friend in Christ,

+ W. B. ULLATHORNE.

Hall and English, Printers, Lithographers, etc., etc.,
High Street, Birmingham.

In Preparation.

CHARACTERISTICS

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

BISHOP ULLATHORNE.

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